

PSALMS

FOR THE

CONGREGATION.

SELECTED CHIEFLY FROM THE AUTHORISED AND OTHER APPROVED
METRICAL VERSIONS, FREELY ALTERED AND COMBINED, WITH
A VIEW TO A CLOSER RENDERING OF THE MIND OF
THE PSALMIST, IN EASY ENGLISH VERSE, AND IN
PORTIONS ADAPTED TO CHURCH SINGING.

“TAKE THE PSALM, BRING HITHER THE TABRET, THE MERRY
HARP WITH THE LUTE.”

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BRIDGE TON.
LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO.

MDCCCXLVI.

ZOOLOGICAL

SEMINARY.

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PSALM I.

(HAPPINESS.)

HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways ; nor sits
Where men profanely talk :

II.

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

III.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

IV.

Not so th' ungodly ; them, like chaff,
The wind shall sweep away ;
Nor shall they, with th' assembled just,
Stand in the judgment day.

V.

For God approves the just man's ways ;
To happiness they tend ;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II.

(KINGDOM OF MESSIAH.)

WHY did the world conspire to shake
The throne of GOD above?
'Gainst His anointed counsel take,
And burst the bands of love?

II.

The LORD that sits above the skies
Derides their rage below ;
He speaks with vengeance in His eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

III.

Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
His uncontroul'd decree ;
Thou art my Son, this day, my heir,
Have I begotten Thee.

IV.

Ask, and receive thy full demands ;
Thine shall the heathen be :
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possessed by Thee.

V.

Be wise, ye princes ! And give ear,
Ye judges of the earth !
Adore the LORD with holy fear :
Rejoice with awful mirth :

VI.

And kiss the Son, all bending low ;
For if He frown ye die.
If but in part His anger glow,
Blest who on Him rely.

PSALM III.

(PROTECTION.)

MY cry is wafted to the LORD ;
I call'd on Him by name :
From out His holy mount, the voice
Of answ'ring mercy came.

II.

I laid my body down to rest,
And slept a balmy sleep :
I woke, for Thy sustaining hand,
Thy servant, LORD, did keep.

III.

I will not fear the stern array
Of thousands arm'd around :
Up, LORD ! and help me, O my God !
Again my foes confound.

IV.

Salvation only doth belong
To Thee, O LORD, above !
Who on Thy people dost bestow
Thy blessing, and Thy love.

PSALM IV.

(TRUST.)

HOW long, ye sons of pride, how long
Shall falsehood arm your impious tongue?
How long shall secret love of ill
To wretched malice urge your will;
And erring rage your breast inflame
My power to thwart, my acts defame?

II.

To GOD, my heart shall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his blessings to bestow,
On each whose breast has learnt his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear;
Him wouldst thou please? with rev'rent awe
Observe the dictates of His law.

III.

In secret, on thy couch reclin'd,
Search to its depth thy restless mind,
Till hush'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and strife within thee die.
With purest gifts approach His shrine,
And safe to Him thy care resign.

IV.

My weary eyes in sleep I close;
My limbs secure to rest compose;
For Thou, great GOD, shalt screen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed.
Thy choicest gifts shalt bid me share,
And make my safety still Thy care.

PSALM V.

(AFFLICTION.)

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r ;
To Thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

II.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
And, with the dawning day,
To Thee, devoutly I'll look up ;
To Thee, devoutly pray.

III.

Oft to Thy house will I resort,
To plead Thy mercies there ;
And still frequent Thy holy shrine,
And worship in Thy fear.

IV.

O lead me, safe from all my foes,
In ways of righteousness ;
O make the path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PSALM VI.

(CHASTISEMENT.)

THY dreadful anger, LORD ! restrain,
And spare a wretch forlorn :
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath
Too heavy to be borne.

II.

Have mercy, LORD ! for I grow faint,
Unable to endure
The anguish of my aching bones,
Which Thou alone canst cure.

III.

Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint,
No hope of ease I see :
The night, that quiets common griefs,
Is spent in tears by me.

IV.

LORD ! turn thee to Thy wonted grace ;
Some pity on me take ;
O save me, not for my deserts,
But for 'Thy mercy's sake.

V.

Depart, ye men of strife and sin !
Desponding thoughts ! depart ;
The LORD hath heard my humble moan ;
The LORD will cheer my heart.

PSALM VII.

(FALSE ACCUSATION.)

IMPARTIAL Judge of all the world,
I cast my care on Thee :
According to my righteous cause,
So let Thy sentence be.

II.

Let godless arts and godless men
Alike be all o'erthrown ;
But guide the just, O GOD ! to whom
The hearts and reins are known.

III.

If they persist, He whets His sword ;
His bow stands ready bent ;
Ev'n now, with swift destruction wing'd,
His pointed shafts are sent.

IV.

Therefore will I, the righteous ways
Of Providence proclaim ;
I'll sing the praise of GOD most high,
And celebrate His name.

PSALM VIII.

(DIVINE CONDESCENSION.)

O LORD, our LORD ! through all the world
How wond'rous is Thy name !
Who hast Thy glory far advanc'd
Above the starry frame.

II.

The lips of babes, ordain'd by Thee,
Of pow'r Almighty tell,
To put to silence all Thy foes,
Th' avenger's wrath to quell.

III.

When wrapt in thought on Heav'n I gaze,
The frame Thy finger plann'd ;
The moon and stars array'd by Thee,
In order as they stand ;

IV.

LORD ! what is man, that Thou of him
Remembrance dost retain ?
Or what the son of man, that Thou
To visit him should'st deign ?

V.

Next to Thy glorious angels plac'd,
He rules this earthly frame ;
O LORD, our LORD ! through all the world
How wondrous is Thy name !

PSALM IX.

(DELIVERANCE.)

TO celebrate Thy praise, O LORD,
My heart will I prepare ;
To all the list'ning world Thy works,
Thy wondrous works declare.

II.

The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring,
Whilst to thy name, O Thou most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

III.

GOD is a constant, sure defence
Against oppressing rage ;
As troubles rise, His needful aids
In our behalf engage.

IV.

All those who have His goodness prov'd,
Will in His truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on His help relied.

V.

His suff'ring saints, when most distress'd,
He ne'er forgets to aid ;
Their expectation shall be crown'd,
Though for a while delay'd.

VI.

Sing praises, therefore, to the LORD,
From Zion, His abode ;
Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
Confess no other GOD.

PSALM X.

(PROTECTION.)

SAY, LORD, why thus Thy aiding pow'r
Deserts us in the needful hour,
Why clouds impervious round Thee roll'd
Thy presence from our sight withhold?

II.

Rise, mightiest LORD, and lift Thy hand ;
Nor let the injur'd poor demand
Thy saving aid with fruitless pray'r ;
But guard them by Thy fost'ring care.

III.

The meek observer of Thy laws
To Thee commits his injur'd cause ;
In Thee, each anxious fear resign'd,
The fatherless a Father find.

IV.

Thou, LORD, Thy people's wish canst read
Ere from their lips the pray'r proceed ;
'Tis Thine their drooping hearts to rear,
And when they call incline Thine ear.

V.

'Tis Thine the orphan's cheek to dry ;
The guiltless suff'rer's cause to try ;
To rein each earth-born tyrant's will,
And bid the sons of pride be still.

PSALM XI.

(PROTECTION.)

SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,
To distant mountains fly?

II.

Behold the wicked bend the bow,
And ready fix the dart;
They lurk in ambush to destroy
The man of upright heart.

III.

God in His temple dwells below;
Heav'n is His throne on high;
His eyes behold the sons of men,
His searching eyelids try.

IV.

If God, the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial doth correct;
What must the sons of violence,
Whom He abhors, expect?

V.

The righteous LORD will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace;
And to the upright still disclose
The brightness of His face.

PSALM XII.

(PROTECTION.)

O HELP me, LORD, for none I see,
Whose acts conform to Thy decree ;
Nor truth, nor faith my search can trace
Amid the sons of human race.

II.

New plans of fraud each mind has known,
And speaks a language not its own ;
Their lips have learnt, with specious art,
To veil the purpose of the heart.

III.

But GOD, with vengeance arm'd, shall rise
The tongue of flatt'ry to chastise ;
And justice to the lip of pride
Its stroke, with aim unerring, guide.

IV.

Thy love thy servants, LORD, shall share ;
And, safe in Thy protecting care,
Behold unmov'd an impious age
Aim at their life a fruitless rage.

PSALM XIII.

(DESERTION.)

HOW long wilt Thou forget me, LORD ?
For ever must it be ?
How long dost Thou intend to hide
Thy face away from me.

II.

In heart and mind how long shall I
With care tormented be ?
And how long shall my deadly foe
Thus triumph over me ?

III.

Behold me now, O LORD, my GOD !
And hear my prayer of faith ;
Enlighten Thou mine eyes, or ere
I sleep the sleep of death :

IV.

Or ere the foe triumphant say
He wavers,—I have won !
Th' avengers when my feet give way,
With boastful shout come on.

V.

But I have lean'd upon Thy love :
My heart with joy shall spring :
Salvation, goodness, all my theme,
To Thee, the LORD, I'll sing.

PSALM XIV.

FALLEN NATURE.

BEHOLD the fool, corrupt of heart,
Who hath his GOD denied ;
Who loves the hateful path of sin,
And spreads th' example wide !

II.

The LORD o'er all the sons of men
Look'd forth from His abode :
Corrupt were all, and gone astray ;
Not one that sought his GOD.

III.

The men that work iniquity,
Discern they not at all,
That they my people eat as bread,
And scorn on GOD to call ?

IV.

Come, Israel's help ! from Zion come !
When back the LORD shall bring
His captives, Jacob shall rejoice ;
For joy shall Israel sing.

PSALM XV.

(OBEDIENCE.)

LORD ! who's the happy man, that may
To Thy blest courts repair ;
Not stranger-like to visit them,
But dwell an inmate there ?

II.

'Tis he whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves ;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

III.

Who never durst a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound ;
Nor lend an ear to false report,
By malice whisper'd round.

IV.

Who dares the wicked to contemn,
How great soe'er and gay ;
And lowliest rev'ence pays to all
Who still their God obey.

V.

The man who thus by duty led,
Hath happiness ensured,
When earth's foundations shake shall stand,
By Providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI.

(GRATITUDE AND HOPE.)

THE place wherein my lot is cast
In beauty doth excel :
The heritage before me plac'd
Doth please me wondrous well.

II.

I thank the LORD, whose love ordains
That I should know the right :
By whose commands my inmost reins
Do teach me in the night.

III.

Before mine eyes, each passing hour,
I set the LORD of all :
At my right hand I feel His pow'r ;
I therefore shall not fall.

IV.

For this my heart all grief defies ;
My glory shall rejoice :
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise
Wak'd by Thy pow'rful voice.

V.

The paths of life shalt Thou display
Thy presence shalt restore :
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys for evermore.

PSALM XVII.

(DELIVERANCE.)

O LORD, give ear, to my just cause,
Attend unto my cry;
And hear the pray'r I offer up
To Thee unfeignedly.

II.

O let my sentence, righteous Judge!
Forth from Thy presence fare;
And let Thine eyes behold the things
That true and equal are.

III.

O keep me as Thou wouldest keep
The apple of Thine eye;
And under covert of Thy wings
Defend me secretly.

IV.

My deadly foes press hard : with toils
They proudly close me round :
My steps they compass : and their eyes
Have mark'd me on the ground.

V.

Up ! disappoint them ! cast them down !
O save Thy servant, LORD,
From mortals by Thy hand of power,
From sinners by Thy sword.

VI.

O be it mine Thy glorious face,
In righteousness to see !
And with Thy likeness, when I wake,
I satisfied shall be.

PSALM XVIII.

(INTERPOSITION.)

NO change of times, O LORD, shall shock
My steadfast love to Thee ;
For Thou, my rock and fortress art,
A sure defence will be.

II.

The horn of my salvation Thou ;
My trust is in Thy power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my guard and tow'r.

III.

In anguish on the LORD I call'd :
Cried to my GOD for grace :
He heard the voice of my complaint,
From out His holy place.

IV.

The LORD descended from above,
And bow'd the Heavens high ;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

V.

On cherubs and on cherubims,
Full royally He rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Come flying all abroad.

VI.

He reach'd from Heav'n, and held me fast ;
From out the waters drew ;
Nor longer let my deadly foes
Their trembling prey pursue.

PSALM XIX.

(THE HEAVENS.)

THE Heavens declare Thy glory, LORD,
Which that alone can fill :
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

II.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
From darkest nights' successive rounds
Divine instruction springs.

III.

Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined ;
'Tis nature's voice ; and understood
Alike by all mankind.

PSALM XX.

(PROTECTION.)

MAY He whom Heav'n and Earth obey,
Regard thee in the dreadful day ;
May Jacob's LORD, above thy head,
His own victorious banner spread.

II.

May He, from out His hallow'd shrine,
Reach to thy aid the hand divine ;
And strength through all thy soul distil
From beauteous Sion's favour'd hill.

III.

May He thy every thought approve :
May He, indulgent from above
His wonted blessings still impart,
And grant the wishes of thy heart.

IV.

The LORD, thy GOD, for His great name
To rescue His Anointed came ;
He heard Him from the holy Heav'n ;
His own right arm hath answer giv'n.

PSALM XXI.

(MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH.)

O LORD, in Thy victorious strength
How shall the King delight!
Exceedingly shall He rejoice
In Thy salvation's might.

II.

For Thou has granted His request;
Giv'n Him His heart's desire;
To Him Thou nothing hast denied
Of that He did require.

III.

Thou didst prevent Him with Thy gifts,
And blessings manifold;
And Thou hast set upon His head
A crown of purest gold.

IV.

And when He asked Life of Thee,
Thereof Thou mad'st Him sure,
Life through the ages all along,
That ever shall endure.

V.

Great is His glory by Thy help,
Thy benefit and aid:
Thy beauteous robe of majesty
Thou hast upon Him laid.

PSALM XXII.

(MESSIAH'S DESERTION.)

MY GOD, my GOD ! why leav'st Thou me ?
Why far from my relief ?
Why from the words so far remov'd
Of this my deep'ning grief ?
All day, but all the day unheard,
To Thee do I complain ;
With cries implore Thee all the night,
But cry all night in vain.

II.

My strength is like a potsherd dry ;
Fast chain'd my tongue, my jaws ;
And to the silent shades of death,
My fainting soul withdraws.
Dogs are around : the godless crew
In close assembly meet :
They pierce my inoffensive hands ;
They pierce my harmless feet.

III.

My body's rack'd 'till all my bones
Distinctly may be told ;
Yet such a spectacle of woe
As pastime they behold.
As spoil my garments they divide ;
Lots for my vesture cast ;
Then go not far, O LORD, my strength,
But to my succour haste !

PSALM XXIII.

(THE GOOD SHEPHERD.)

MY Shepherd is the living LORD,
I therefore shall not need :
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

II.

He shall convert, and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy name.

III.

Yea : tho' I walk the vale of death,
I yet will fear no ill :
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.

IV.

Through all my life Thy favour is
So freely shown to me,
That in Thy house, for evermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

PSALM XXIV.

(MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH.)

ERECT your heads, Eternal gates !
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory : see, He comes ;
With his celestial train.
Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The LORD for strength renown'd
In battle mighty, o'er His foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

II.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory : see, He comes,
With all his shining train.
Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord of hosts renown'd
Of glory, He alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

(PENITENCE.)

TO GOD, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice ;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

II.

Thy mercies and Thy love,
O LORD, recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still,
As Thou wert ever, kind.

III.

And for Thy holy name,
O LORD, I Thee entreat
To grant me pardon for my sin,
Whose burthen is so great.

IV.

With mercy me behold,
All helpless and forlorn ;
My wants supply ; my wrongs redress :
Turn, LORD ! in pity turn.

V.

One smile of Thine shall chase
The clouds of grief and pain ;
Remit my sin, and my offence,
And make me clean again.

VI.

And oh ! preserve my soul,
My strong deliv'rer be ;
Nor let me ever be asham'd,
Who put my trust in Thee.

PSALM XXVI.

(GODLINESS.)

BE Thou my Judge, for I have trod
The upright path alone ;
My trust hath been in Thee, my GOD,
I shall not be o'erthrown.

II.

O search me still ; my heart, my reins
With strictest view survey :
Thy love, great GOD, my hope sustains ;
Thy truth directs my way.

III.

The house and home Thou countest Thine,
The tent, where Thou dost dwell
And spread Thy glory for a shrine,
I love it, LORD, full well.

IV.

O shut not up my soul with such
As murder make their trade !
Who dare the guilty bribe to touch,
Or others' rights invade.

V.

I walk, the while, in innocence ;
O save me, and befriend.
Firm fix'd my tread ; amidst thy saints
I'll praise thee without end.

PSALM XXVII.

(THE PAVILION.)

I OF the LORD one boon have ask'd,
For one on Thee I'll wait,
The days of all my life to dwell
Within Jehovah's gate :

II.

And with the eyes of all my heart,
Devoutly there to view
The glorious beauty of the LORD,
And search His temple through.

III.

For in His bow'r He treasures me
In evil days and dark ;
And hides me in the secret place
Of His eternal ark.

IV.

He lifts me high upon a rock :
My drooping head, this hour,
O'er every foe, on every side
Is lifted high in pow'r.

V.

Therefore to His pavilion door
No silent vows I bring ;
Full cheerly to th' adored name
My psalm and psaltery ring.

PSALM XXVIII.

(PROTECTION.)

O LORD, my rock, to Thee I cry ;
O hear, or I become,
If Thou but seemest to deny,
Like tenants of the tomb.

II.

Regard my supplication, LORD,
The cries I oft repeat,
When, with uplifted hands, I bow
Before Thy mercy-seat.

III.

With those that work iniquity
O draw me not away ;
Who midst their neighbours talk of peace,
Yet mean but to betray.

IV.

To GOD be praise ! my humble cry
A gracious answer found ;
The LORD is still my strength, my shield,
When dangers press me round.

V.

To Him for help my bosom clung,
Nor clung to Him in vain ;
My heart exulting springs for joy ;
His praise be all my strain !

PSALM XXIX.

(MAJESTY.)

THE voice of GOD upon the sea
In storm and tempest sweeps :
The GOD of glory rides the waves,
And thunders through the deeps.

II.

The voice of GOD, with terrors fraught,
Of pow'r resistless tells ;
The voice of GOD, through nature's calm,
In tones majestic swells.

III.

The voice of GOD the cedars breaks
On Lebanon forlorn ;
Their stately growth, in all their pride,
The LORD hath cleft and torn.

IV.

The voice of GOD to flashing fires
Assigns their sev'ral course :
The voice of GOD the desert shakes,
And Kadesh feels its force.

V.

The LORD will give His people strength,
Till all their conflicts cease :
The LORD will bless His people then
With peace, an endless peace.

PSALM XXX.

(DELIVERANCE.)

I'LL celebrate Thy praises, LORD !
Who didst thy pow'r employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.

II.

In my distress I cried to 'Thee,
Who kindly didst relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws
My hopeless life retrieve.

III.

Thus to His courts, ye saints of His,
With songs of praise repair ;
With me commemorate His truth
And providential care.

IV.

His wrath has but a moment's reign ;
His favour no decay :
The night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.

PSALM XXXI.

(TRUST.)

TO Thine own hand, O LORD !
My spirit I resign :
Thou hast, according to Thy word,
Redeem'd me to be Thine.

II.

With gladdest notes of joy
I'll praise Thy pitying care :
To Thee, in all its deep annoy,
My aching heart lay bare.

III.

To Thee I fled distress,
To Thy protecting rod :
With Thee, O LORD, I made my rest ;
I said, "Thou art my GOD."

IV.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all :
Thou, LORD, Thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

PSALM XXXII.

(CONFESSION.)

HE'S blest whose sins have pardon gain'd
No more in judgment to appear :
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.

II.

While I the fretting pang suppress'd,
My bones consum'd without relief ;
All day with anguish heav'd my breast,
But no complaint assuag'd my grief.

III.

No sooner I my wound disclos'd,—
The guilt that tortur'd me within,—
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

IV.

Thy favour, LORD, in all distress,
My tow'r of refuge I will own ;
My haughty foes shalt thou suppress,
And me with songs of triumph crown.

PSALM XXXIII.

(CREATION.)

LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

II.

For faithful is the word of God !
His works with truth abound ;
He justice loves ; and all the earth
Is with His goodness crown'd.

III.

By His Almighty word at first,
Heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At His command appear'd.

IV.

The swelling floods together roll'd,
He makes in heaps to lie ;
And lays, as in a storehouse safe,
The wat'ry treasures by.

V.

Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
With awe before Him stand :
He spake the word, and it was done ;
'Twas fix'd at His command.

VI.

How blest are they whose own true God,
Jehovah's self is known ;
Whom He, from all the world beside,
Hath chosen for His own.

PSALM XXXIV.

(DELIVERANCE.)

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my GOD shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

II.

Of His deliverance I will boast
'Till all that are distress
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

III.

O magnify the LORD with me !
With me exalt His name :
In deep distress to Him I call'd,
And soon the rescue came.

IV.

The hosts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the just :
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

V.

O make but trial of His love ;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who still in Him confide.

VI.

Fear Him, ye saints ! and you will then
Have none beside to fear :
Make you His service your delight ;
He'll make your wants His care.

PSALM XXXV.

(DIVINE INTERPOSITION.)

O LORD against my foes
Plead Thou Thy servant's right ;
And make my quarrel Thine with those
Who fain with me would fight.

II.

Reach, buckler, reach the shield ;
Thyself in armour dress :
Arise ! Thy speediest help to yield
In this my deep distress :

III.

And by Thy glitt'ring spear,
Be my pursuers stay'd :
Say to my soul, " Dismiss thy fear,
I come to bring thee aid."

IV.

As Thou art just and true,
So, by Thy righteous stroke,
Up, LORD, and teach the godless crew,
Their triumph to revoke.

V.

Then all, with thankful voice,
Thy praises shall record ;
The friends of innocence rejoice,
And magnify the LORD.

PSALM XXXVI.

(SAFETY.)

THY mercy, LORD ! man's only hope,
The highest orbs transcends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the skies extends.

II.

As mountains their foundations keep,
So firm Thy justice stands ;
Unfathom'd as the mighty deep,
The judgments of Thy hands.

III.

Thy creatures all Thy care partake ;
But most our favour'd race
Thy shelt'ring wings their home should make,
And trust Thy boundless grace.

IV.

Such guests to Thy blest courts are led
To share Thy love's repast,
And drink as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that always last.

V.

With Thee the springs of life remain ;
Thy smile is endless day :
Let all who know Thee favour gain ;
To such Thy truth display.

PSALM XXXVII.

(PATIENCE.)

LET not the sinner's wealth or might
The envy of thy soul excite :
Anon thine eye shall see him fade
Quick as the flow'r, or vernal blade,
That now rejoicing lifts its head,
Now with'ring on the earth is spread.

II.

The prosp'ring sinner once I view'd :
Strong as the healthful tree he stood,
That shadowing wide its native soil,
Nor knows, nor asks, the planter's toil ;
I went, I came, and look'd again ;
I look'd, but sought his place in vain.

III.

Behold the just, and mark his end ;
See peace his eve of life attend :
Whilst on the sinner's latest hour
The storms of heaviest vengeance low'r ;
For those the LORD will rescue still
Who own His strength, and love His will.

PSALM XL.

(DELIVERANCE.)

I WAITED meekly for the LORD,
'Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply,
Who did a gracious ear afford,
And heard from Heav'n my humble cry.

II.

He brought me from the dismal pit,
The cat'ract's din, the miry clay;
Upon the rock He set my feet,
And led my goings in his way.

III.

A song of new and holy cheer
Shall fill my mouth—a song of praise;
The saints shall see it, and shall fear,
And trust the LORD of endless days.

IV.

Who can the wond'rous works recount,
Which Thou, O GOD, for us hast wrought?
Thy rich designs of love surmount [thought.
The pow'rs of numbers, speech, and

PSALM XLI.

(PITY.)

HOW blest the man who yields his store,
With kind compassion, to the poor !
In time of danger and of dread
The LORD himself will bring him aid ;
With length of days he shall be crown'd ;
For he a friend in Heav'n has found.

II.

Nor will that Heav'nly Friend forego
His help, or yield him to his foe :
If age brings on disease and pain,
He will not at his doom complain ;
For still the LORD, with pitying eye,
Shall smooth his bed, and strength supply.

PSALM XLIV.

(HUMILIATION.)

O LORD, Thy wonted aid withdrawn
Repuls'd and sham'd we yield,
For Thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead
Our armies to the field.

II.

Thy people Thou hast sold for nought,
A by-word, and disgrace ;
Amidst reproach and blasphemy,
Confusion veils our face.

III.

Thus torn with grief we dare not swerve,
Nor yet Thy cov'nant break ;
We turn not back our hearts from Thee,
Nor Thy commands forsake.

IV.

Though sore dismay'd and smitten down,
The dragon's haunts we tread,
Whilst all around the shades of death
Their deep'ning horrors spread.

V.

Arise, Eternal God ! arise !
Why veils the cloud Thy face ?
Why far from Thee wilt Thou expel
Our long afflicted race ?

PSALM XLV.

(THE NUPTIALS.)

HAIL, fairer than the sons of men !
Grace o'er Thy lips is pour'd ;
That speaks Thee, for eternal days,
The blessed of the LORD.

II.

Thy throne of state, O GOD, is set,
For ever to remain ;
A sceptre of unerring truth,
The sceptre of Thy reign.

III.

Amid the splendours of Thy court
King's daughters we behold ;
And seated on Thy right, the Queen
Array'd in Ophir's gold.

IV.

All glorious in her nuptial robes,
With needles richly wrought,
Shall she, with all her virgin train,
Before the King be brought.

V.

With holy mirth, and solemn joy,
The happy bride they bring ;
And enter, with triumphant song,
The palace of the King.

PSALM XLVI.

(REFUGE.)

GOD is our refuge, GOD our strength ;
Our safeguard always near ;
A present help when danger comes ;
We therefore will not fear.

II.

The earth may shake, the mountains part,
Beneath the chafing flood ;
There is a stream that gladdens still
The city of our GOD.

III.

GOD, in the midst of her blest courts,
His holy temple rears :
She stands secure ; her help shall come
Before the morn appears.

IV.

The heathen rag'd : the kingdoms shook :
He spake ; the earth did cow'r.
The LORD of hosts is with us still,
And Jacob's GOD our tow'r.

V.

Come ! see His works. Ov'r all the earth
He maketh wars to cease ;
Breaks bow and spear ; the chariot burns ;
And awes the world to peace.

VI.

Be still, and know that I am GOD :
All realms shall own my power.
The LORD of hosts is with us still,
And Jacob's GOD our tow'r.

PSALM XLVII.

(ASCENSION.)

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
With shouts of triumph sing ;
For awful, o'er the boundless earth,
The LORD, most High, is King.

II.

He bids the nations own our claim ;
Our battles He shall fight ;
And choose a glorious heritage
For Jacob, His delight.

III.

'Mid cheerful shouts our GOD ascends ;
The LORD with trumpets' sound.
Sing praise to GOD ; O praise our King ;
Let songs of praise go round.

PSALM XLVIII.

(ZION).

THE LORD is great : His worthy praise
Demands our highest skill,
Within the city of our GOD,
Around His holy hill.

II.

The joy of all the wond'ring earth
Fair Sion rears her crest :
The tow'rs that own the mighty King
Her northern heights invest.

III.

The LORD, amidst her stately halls,
A sure defence is known ;
Lo ! kings were leagu'd to do her harm ;
They gather'd, and are gone.

IV.

Rejoice, be glad, ye daughters all
Of Judah's honour'd race !
Come, wind your way round Sion's Hill ;
Her tow'rs in order trace.

V.

Muse deeply o'er her sacred mound ;
Tell out each glitt'ring dome ;
That ye may speak her wonders right
To every age to come.

VI.

Say, " This is GOD ; our own true God
For evermore to be ;
The guide and guardian of our souls,
To life's last hour, is he."

PSALM XLIX.

(THE LATTER END.)

WHY should dark days my spirit daunt,
When sins of traitors round me haunt?
They who on gold rely,
Who triumph o'er their swelling heaps,
None of them all his brother keeps,
None may redeem or buy.

II.

E'en as a flock array'd are they
For the dark grave; Death guides their way,
Death is their shepherd now:
The just shall rule them in the morn,
The grave shall waste their frame forlorn,
Nor rest nor home allow.

III.

My soul from touch of deadly doom
The Lord redeems; He takes me home.
Then wherefore in dismay,
Though here and there one wealthy grow,
Or if his house all-glorious shew?
He carries nought away.

PSALM LII.

(OPPRESSION.)

WHY, tyrant ! boasts thy heart the pow'r
To work a brother's woe,
While GOD His mercy bids each hour
In streams unmeasur'd flow ?

II.

The LORD, whose wrath thy crimes inflame,
Shall pluck thee from thy home ;
Root from the land of life thy name,
And seal thy changeless doom.

III.

Fresh as the verdant olive I
Within Thy courts shall stand ;
And fix'd, indulgent LORD ! rely
On Thy protecting hand.

IV.

Thy acts my praise shall ever claim ;
Thy name, amidst my woes ;—
How grateful to Thy saints that name ;—
My every fear compose.

PSALM LIII.

(PROTECTION.)

ARE then the godless all so blind,
Who thus devour the saints ?
And know they not Jehovah's mind,
Who pities their complaints ?

II.

They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise ;
And GOD's avenging arm
Disperse the bones of them, that rise
To do his children harm.

III.

In vain the foes of Sion boast
Of armies in array !
If GOD despise the circling host,
They fall an easy prey.

IV.

O for a word from Sion's King,
Her captives to restore !
Jacob, with all his tribes, should sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM LIV.

(REFUGE.)

SAVE me by Thy great name, O LORD !
Avenge me, Power Divine !
Lord, hear my pray'r : receive each word,
Each fearful word of mine.

II.

For alien foes against me rise ;
And men of spoil and strife,
Who set no GOD before their eyes,
Have waited for my life.

III.

But, lo ! the LORD is on my side ;
The Sovereign LORD of all
Shall cheer my soul, its helpers guide ;
'Till ev'ry foe shall fall.

IV.

A willing off'ring, LORD, I raise
By Thee preserv'd from woe ;
And praise Thy name, so sweet to praise !
Triumphant o'er my foe.

PSALM LV.

(ANGUISH.)

TO my prayer, LORD, give ear :
From my groan and my tear
O hide not Thy face, but in mercy draw near.
O speed to mine aid !
In the dust I am laid ;
Sore vex'd and distracted my soul is dismay'd.

II.

With terrors oppress'd
Is mine agoniz'd breast ; [to rest.
Fear and trembling o'erwhelm me, a stranger
Had I wings like a dove,
Far away I'd remove ;
Far away from the storm in the desert I'd rove.

III.

On GOD will I call :
Thou wilt save me from thrall : [I'll fall :
Eve, and morn, and at noontide, before Thee
My burthen I'll cast
On the LORD to the last ; [fast.
The righteous who trust Him shall ever stand

PSALM LVI.

(COMFORT.)

GOD'S faithful promise still I plead,
When threat'ning foes are nigh ;
In GOD I trust, and trusting Him
The arm of flesh defy.

II.

Thou numb'rest all my wand'ring steps ;
See'st what my flittings be ;
O let my tears be treasur'd up
And register'd by Thee.

III.

My foes, whene'er I cry for aid,
Shall all be soon o'erthrown ;
For well I know that GOD is near,
To make my cause His own.

IV.

Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death :
O wilt Thou not secure
The life Thou hast so oft preserv'd,
And make my footsteps sure ?

V.

So shall I walk before my GOD,
In paths of light and joy ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the blest employ.

PSALM LVII.

(GRATITUDE.)

O GOD, my heart is fix'd ; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my GOD, in songs of praise.

II.

Awake, my glory : harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will, with the early dawn, awake.

III.

Thy praises, Lord, will I resound
To all the list'ning nations round :
Thy mercy highest Heav'n transcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

IV.

Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd
'Till Thou art here as there obey'd.

(JUSTICE.)

YE whose lips the cause decide,
 Say, does truth your sentence guide?
 Are your thoughts by justice sway'd,
 And in reason's balance weigh'd?

II.

Hearts ye bear that, deep within,
 Still contrive and cherish sin ;
 And the dictates of your will
 Hands of violence fulfil.

III.

Smite, O GOD, the lion's cheek,
 And their fangs indignant break ;
 Let them waste in swift decay
 As the torrents pass away.

IV.

Then the souls who trust in Thee
 Pleas'd their cause aveng'd shall see ;
 And, the dreadful conflict o'er,
 Wash their steps in hostile gore.

V.

So that man on earth shall cry,
 Doubtless there's a GOD on high,
 Who, in awful pomp array'd,
 Comes to judge the world He made.

PSALM LIX.

(DELIVERANCE.)

FROM foes, that all around me rise,
Defend me, O my God !
From evil doers save my soul,
And from the man of blood :

II.

They lie in wait with deadly snare ;
The mighty round me throng ;
For none offence of mine, O LORD !
Nor sin, nor harmful wrong.

III.

For strength, O GOD, on Thee I wait ;
Thou, LORD, art my defence :
The blessing of Thy watchful love
My ev'ry want prevents.

IV.

Thee will I sing, O Pow'r Divine !
Thy mercy in the morn,
That prov'd a shield in danger's hour,
Nor left my soul forlorn.

PSALM LX.

(PROTECTION.)

CAST off, dispers'd, rebuk'd by Thee,
O grant us, LORD ! Thy face to see ;
And let the people, once Thy care,
Again Thy fav'ring presence share.

II.

How trembles this divided land
Beneath the terrors of Thy hand !
O Thou, the GOD whom we adore,
Its breaches heal ; its peace restore.

III.

Our hope, on man repos'd in vain,
In trouble, O do Thou sustain :
No foes shall daunt while Thee we trust,
For Thou shalt tread them in the dust.

PSALM LXI.

(REFUGE.)

WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies ;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

II.

O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head ;
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

III.

Within Thy presence, LORD,
For ever I'll abide :
Thou art the tow'r of my defence ;
The refuge where I hide.

IV.

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII.

(TRUST.)

MY soul on God relies,
My safety and my all ;
My rock, that sure defence supplies :
I shall not greatly fall.

II.

In Him for ever trust ;
To Him unfold your hearts :
God is our refuge, true and just,
When mortal hope departs.

III.

Mean men are weak and frail ;
The men of pow'r a lie ;
They rise aloft, in mounted scale,
More light than vanity.

IV.

His will the LORD express'd ;
Twice heard I from His throne ;
To be of pow'r and love possess'd,
Belongs to God alone.

PSALM LXIII.

(DESIRE.)

O GOD, my gracious GOD ! to Thee
My morning pray'r shall offer'd be ;
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant ;
My fainting soul implores Thy grace
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

II.

Oh ! to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious pow'r restore,
Which Thy majestic house displays :
Because to me Thy wond'rous love
Than life itself doth dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak Thy praise.

III.

My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing Thee will I employ :
With lifted hands adore Thy name :
As marrow to my soul 'twell prove
When, at the banquet of Thy love,
My joyful lips Thy praise proclaim.

IV.

When down I lie sweet sleep to find
Thou, LORD, art present to my mind ;
And when I wake at dead of night :
Because Thou still dost succour bring
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing,
I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXIV.

(CALUMNY.)

THINE ear, Thou majesty divine,
Propitious to my pray'r incline ;
O hear my voice, in pity hear,
And save my life from hostile fear.

II.

Their secret leagues my soul pursue ;
Behold and hide me from their view.
Their hateful tongue the sword they whet ;
Their words as arrows keen are set.

III.

Nor rest they, till the sudden dart
Is lodg'd within the blameless heart ;
But GOD His speedier shaft shall send,
And on themselves their curse descend.

IV.

The passers-by, with inward dread,
Shall see them on the earth outspread ;
And each shall own, with rev'rent thought,
That GOD the wond'rous work hath wrought.

V.

The righteous, sav'd from all their foes,
Shall steadfast trust on Him repose ;
And upright hearts, with one accord,
Rejoice, and triumph in the LORD.

PSALM LXV.

(FRUITFUL SEASONS.)

FOR Thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, Thy chosen seat :
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

II.

Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown :
And where Thy glorious paths appear
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

III.

They drop on barren forests, chang'd
By them to pastures fresh and green ;
The hills about, in order rang'd,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

IV.

Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs : the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem for joy to shout and sing.

PSALM LXVI.

(MAJESTY.)

LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To GOD their voices raise ;
Sings psalms in honour of His name,
And spread His glorious praise.

II.

And let them say, how dreadful, LORD,
In all Thy works art Thou !
To Thy great pow'r Thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

III.

Through all the earth the nations round
Shall Thee their GOD confess ;
And with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of Thy great name express.

IV.

O come, behold the works of GOD,
And then with me you'll own,
That He, to all the sons of men,
Has wond'rous judgments shewn.

PSALM LXVII.

(GLAD TIDINGS.)

TO bless Thy chosen race
In mercy, LORD, incline ;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

II.

That so Thy wond'rous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

III.

The people of Thy choice
O let them praise the LORD :
Let all the people tune their voice
To hymns of glad accord.

IV.

O let the nations sing
Dissolv'd in awful mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

V.

Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose,
And we with all the store be crown'd
Which GOD, our GOD, bestows.

VI.

His people's hearts to cheer
His blessing GOD shall send,
And all the earth, with holy fear,
Before His throne shall bend.

PSALM LXVIII.

(MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH.)

LET GOD, the GOD of battle, rise
And scatter His presumptuous foes !
Let shameful rout their hosts surprise,
Who hate Him and His pow'r oppose !

II.

As smoke, dispers'd by winds of Heav'n,
So shalt Thou cast them forth in ire ;
Th' ungodly, from Thy presence driven,
Shall melt, like wax before the fire.

III.

Thou art gone up : hast captive led
The vanquish'd pow'rs of death and hell :
And gifts receiv'd, on man to shed,
That GOD, the LORD, with them might dwell.

IV.

O sing to GOD, all tribes of earth,
Who rides above th' eternal sphere ;
His voice hath sent the signal forth,
A mighty voice, that all may hear.

V.

Ascribe ye pow'r to GOD above :
O'er favour'd Israel streaming bright
His banner waves of boundless love ;
The clouds display His bow of might.

VI.

How wond'rous, LORD, in Thy dread courts
Art Thou ! how high Thy holy throne !
'Tis Israel's God, whose arm supports
His feeble saints. Bless Him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

(DESERTION.)

SAVE me, O GOD ! The waters dire
Break in to drown my soul :
Fast held in deep, enclosing mire,
The floods above me roll.

II.

I cry, 'till worn and weary quite,
My throat all parch'd and dry,
I wait for Thee, O GOD ! 'till sight
Hath fail'd my longing eye.

III.

It broke my heart. Thy stern rebuke !
I look'd some help to see,
But there was none who pity took ;
Not one to comfort me.

IV.

Yet shall my pray'r to Thee draw near,
In Thy sweet hour of ruth.
LORD, in Thy countless mercies hear,
Hear in Thy saving truth.

V.

Let not the water-floods devour ;
Turn to Thy wonted grace,
Nor from Thy servant in his hour
Of trouble hide Thy face.

PSALM LXX.

(DELIVERANCE SOUGHT.)

HASTE to my aid, my Saviour ! haste,
My soul by hostile numbers chas'd,
To Thee directs its pray'r ;
In wild confusion backward borne,
Their wish defeated let them mourn,
And lost in empty air.

II.

Be shame their just reward assign'd,
While round me, with relentless mind,
Derision's shout they raise :
Thy bliss let all who seek Thee share,
And, taught Thy love, that love declare
In songs of ceaseless praise.

III.

While these in Thy salvation joy,
Increasing griefs my thought employ
And speediest aid demand ;
My Helper and Redeemer ! hear :
O instant in my cause appear,
And reach Thy saving hand.

PSALM LXXI.

(SUPPORT IN AGE.)

IN Thee I put my steadfast trust :
Defend me, LORD ! from shame ;
Incline Thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is Thy name.

II.

Be Thou my strong abiding place
Whereto I may resort ;
Thy promis'd help is still the rock
And tow'r of my support.

III.

I lift my longing soul to Thee,
Hope of my youthful days !
Who took'st me from my mother's womb
To sing Thy constant praise.

IV.

Cast not away Thy servant, LORD !
When age my limbs doth shake ;
Nor, when my failing strength declines,
My trembling soul forsake.

V.

So to Thy faithfulness, O God !
Will I glad tribute bring ;
In praise of Israel's Holy One
I to the harp will sing.

PSALM LXXII.

(MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH.)

THY judgments to the King, O God !
To the King's son make known :
As soft show'rs shall He cheer the earth,
As rain the grass new mown.

II.

Peace, from the fort-clad mountain's brow,
Justice, from rocky cell,
Descending, bless the happy fields,
And force and fraud expel.

III.

'Till yon bright moon be quench'd and o'er,
Sweet peace shall He maintain ;
And He shall reign from sea to sea,
From river to the main.

IV.

From Tarshish and the isles, e'en now,
Their gifts the monarch's bring ;
Sheba and Saba far away
Bow down before the King.

V.

For He shall save the helpless soul,
The needy, when he calls ;
In gentleness the Saviour's eye
Upon the lowly falls.

VI.

To Israel's God be endless praise,
The wonder-working LORD ;
And blessings on His glorious name
Through all the earth be pour'd.

PSALM LXXIII.

(PROSPERITY.)

WITH envy, once, I saw the store
Of godless men increase ;
Exempt from care, with riches crown'd,
They live and die in peace.

II.

Presumption therefore doth embrace
Their necks, as with a chain ;
And they are clad, as in a robe,
With rapine and disdain.

III.

I mus'd in vain 'till, in Thy courts
I learnt their end ; and found
How Thou, O righteous GOD, hast set
Their feet on slipp'ry ground.

IV.

By terrors how they sink, consum'd,
To headlong ruin borne :
How, as a dream when one awakes,
Their image Thou dost scorn.

V.

Yet I am with Thee ; Thou hast held
My hand, and wilt befriend :
With counsel wilt Thou guide me here
To glory in the end.

VI.

Whom have I then, in Heav'n, but Thee,
Whose favour I require ?
Throughout the earth is none that I
Besides Thee can desire.

PSALM LXXIV.

(PROTECTION.)

O GOD, while crimes usurp the land,
Why, in Thy bosom, sleeps Thy hand?
Thee, from of old, my King I see,
Nor knows my heart a friend but Thee.

II.

By Thee prepar'd, the night and day
Alternate walk th' ethereal way ;
Thy skill the light's thin texture spun,
And with it cloth'd the glorious sun.

III.

Thy hand the earth's vast fabric rounds,
Its balance fixes, marks its bounds ;
For summer flowers its glebe unbinds,
Or warps it with the wintry winds.

IV.

Let not the fangs of cruel pow'r
Thy trembling turtle's life devour ;
Nor be the poor and helpless lot
Of those who love Thy courts forgot.

PSALM LXXV.

(THE AVENGER.)

TO Thee, O GOD, we render praise,
With thanks and loud acclaim :
That Thine Almighty hand is nigh,
Thy wond'rous works proclaim.

II.

GOD is the Judge : promotion comes
At His command alone,
Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts
The humble to a throne.

III.

His justice holds a dreadful cup,
With wine of vengeance crown'd ;—
The deadly mixture of His wrath,
Th' ungodly to confound ;—

IV.

He pours it forth ; and deep dismay
Each impious soul shall seize,
Condemn'd to drain the bitter dregs,
And drink the burning lees.

V.

Be mine the task, with ceaseless awe,
These wonders to declare
In hymns of praise to Jacob's GOD,
That ev'ry age may share.

PSALM LXXVI.

(DELIVERANCE.)

IN Judah GOD is truly known ;
His name in Israel great ;
In Salem hath He rear'd His throne ;
In Sion fix'd His state.

II.

There at His feet all broken lay
The weapons and the war :
More mighty Thou than hills of prey,
Where haunts of robbers are.

III.

All they, the stout of heart, are spoil'd ;
And they have slept their sleep :
The hand resistless once, is foil'd ;
The counsel dark and deep.

IV.

When Thy rebuke against their host,
O Jacob's GOD ! had past,
On chariot, horse, and all their boast,
A deadly sleep was cast.

V.

Should'st Thou be wrath, Thy power to brave,
O who, so strong, shall stand ?
Earth trembled when Thou cam'st to save
Th' afflicted of the land.

PSALM LXXVII.

(AFFLICTION.)

I SOUGHT the LORD with mournful cry,
I sought the LORD and did not spare;
My voice went up to GOD on high,
And He vouchsafed to hear my pray'r.

II.

In time of grief my GOD I sought;
No rest by night my spirit took;
I wrung my hands, and ceased not;
All joy my sinking soul forsook.

III.

Thou dost mine eyes withhold from rest,
Ev'n 'till the ling'ring morning break;
With inward anguish sore opprest
I sigh, but ah! I cannot speak.

IV.

The days of old to mind I call;
Retrace the years of ages past;
Will GOD, I cried, at once for all,
His people from His presence cast?

V.

'Tis mine infirmity, methought;
But what Thy hand in ages past,
To save Thy trembling saints hath wrought,
Shall, fix'd in my remembrance, last.

PSALM LXXVIII.

(ISRAEL IN THE WILDERNESS.)

WE will not hide it from our sons ;
Our offspring shall be taught
The wond'rous works that God, of old,
For our forefathers wrought.

II.

He cut the seas to let them pass ;
Restrain'd the pressing flood ;
While pil'd in heaps on either side,
The solid waters stood.

III.

A wond'rous pillar led them on,
Compos'd of shade and light ;
A shelt'ring cloud it prov'd by day,
A leading fire by night.

IV.

When drought oppress'd them, where no
The wilderness supplied ; [stream
He cleft the rock, whose flinty breast
Dissolv'd into a tide :

V.

Nor ceas'd His care 'till them He brought
Safe to His promis'd land,
And to His holy mount, the prize
Of His victorious hand.

PSALM LXXIX.

(RESTORATION.)

O GOD, the heathen tribes come in ;
They seize and hold Thine own ;
Thy sacred shrine have they defil'd,
Thy Salem's walls o'erthrown.

II.

Like water, round their sacred tow'rs,
Thy servants' blood is shed ;
And none is left, the last sad rites
To render to the dead.

III.

How long wilt Thou be angry, LORD ?
Must we for ever mourn ?
Shall Thy devouring jealousy,
Like fire, for ever burn ?

IV.

Bear not in mind our former sins ;
But let Thy grace prevent,
With speedy aid, Thy feeble saints,
Almost with sorrow spent.

V.

O GOD of our salvation ! help,
And free our souls from blame ;
That so our pardon and defence
May spread Thy glorious name.

PSALM LXXX.

(THE VINE.)

THINE arm, O God ! from Egypt bore
A vine elect and fair ;
Full many a heathen plant uptore,
And set Thy chosen there.

II.

Thy care secur'd her ample room ;
A fertile soil her bed ;
Deep root she took ; her leafy gloom
The mountain tops o'erspread.

III.

Why would'st Thou then her hedges break
And rend them all away,
That so each passer-by might make
Her bleeding grapes a prey ?

IV.

See, how the brist'ling forest boar
With fury lays it waste ;
The beasts, that roam the desert o'er,
To share the spoil make haste.

V.

'Tis made a prey to raging fire ;
Its spreading boughs cut down ;
They wither at Thy kindling ire ;
They perish at Thy frown.

VI.

Return, O God of hosts, we pray ;
A pitying glance incline,
Look down from courts of endless day
And visit this Thy vine.

PSALM LXXXI.

(DISOBEDIENCE.)

THE voice of my belov'd !
Hush'd, all within me, be !
Thou, whom at Meribah, I prov'd,
Israel, I plead with thee.

II.

Would'st thou but lend an ear,
Nor from my precepts swerve,
No alien pow'r should ere draw near ;
Strange god thou should'st not serve.

III.

The LORD, thy GOD, am I :
From Egypt thee I brought :
Enlarge thy pray'r : the rich supply
Shall pass thy largest thought.

IV.

My people, turn'd away ;
And Israel scorn'd my lore :
In wilful counsels then to stray,
My justice gave them o'er.

V.

O had my people known
My pleasant paths to tread,
Their foes had soon been all o'erthrown,
The onset I had led.

VI.

Unmov'd by time's rude shock,
With best wheat-flour supply'd,
With honey, from the stony rock,
Thou hadst been satisfied.

PSALM LXXXII.

(JUSTICE.)

GOD, in the great assembly stands ;
Where His impartial eye
Surveys the men who rule as Gods,
Their actions well to try.

II.

How long will ye unjustly judge,
And sanction godless might ?
Defend the weak and fatherless ;
And see the poor have right.

III.

Protect the humble, helpless man,
The needy, in distress ;
And let them ne'er become a prey
To such as would oppress.

IV.

They will not know, nor understand,
But darkly still walk on :
The vast foundations of the earth
Are out of course and gone.

V.

Arise, O GOD ! o'er all the earth
Extend Thy righteous sway :
All nations are Thy heritage,
And shall Thy will obey.

PSALM LXXXIII.

(THE AVENGER.)

AND will the GOD of Israel
Perpetual silence keep?
Will He, for ever, hold His peace,
And shall His vengeance sleep?

II.

Behold how, all around, their snares
The men of mischief spread!
The men, who hate Thy saints and Thee,
With threats advance their head.

III.

But deal Thou with them, mighty GOD!
As erst with Midian's brood,
With Sisera's car, and Jabin's horde,
By Kishon's sweeping flood.

IV.

As sheeted flame, the mountain heath
Enwrapping far around,
So fray them, with Thy tempest, LORD!
And with Thy storm confound.

V.

Sham'd more and more, reproach'd and vex'd,
'Till Thy great name they own,
Jehovah, high in pow'r upborne,
O'er all the earth alone.

PSALM LXXXIV.

(THE PAVILION.)

HOW pleasant, LORD of hosts ! how dear
Thy dwelling-place to me :
The tabernacles of Thy grace
How pleasant, LORD, they be !

II.

My soul doth faint with strong desire
To view Thy blest abode ;
My longing heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

III.

The shelt'ring sparrow here hath found
A home, wherein to rest ;
And, where to lay her callow brood,
The swallow knows her nest.

IV.

Around Thine altars, LORD of Hosts !
And oh ! my GOD, and King !
How blest are they who near Thee dwell,
And still Thy praises sing.

V.

Secure, the vale of pain they tread ;
The rills their steps beguile ;
The heavens their kindest moisture yield,
And bid the desert smile.

VI.

From strength to strength shall they proceed,
And still approach more near,
'Till all, on Sion's holy mount,
Before their God, appear.

PSALM LXXXV.

(REDEMPTION.)

LORD, Thine heart in love hath yearn'd
On Thy lost and fallen land ;
Israel's face is homeward turn'd ;
Thou hast freed Thy captive band.

II.

Thou hast borne Thy people's sin ;
Cover'd all their deeds of ill ;
All Thy wrath is gather'd in,
And Thy burning anger still.

III.

Ye that fear Him, nigh at hand
Now His saving health ye find ;
That the glory in our land,
As of old, may dwell enshrin'd.

IV.

Mercy now, and Justice meet ;
Peace and Truth for aye embrace ;
Truth from earth is springing sweet ;
Justice looks from her high-place.

V.

Nor will GOD His goodness stay,
Nor our land her bounteous store ;
Marking out her Maker's way
Righteousness shall go before.

PSALM LXXXVI.

(AFFLICTION.)

TO my complaint, O LORD my GOD !
A gracious ear incline :
A poor and needy sinner prays :
Oh ! save a child of Thine.

II.

Thou, LORD, art good ; not only good,
But prompt to pardon too ;
And plenteous mercy show'st to all
Who e'er for mercy sue.

III.

When clouds of grief o'er cast my sky,
To Thee will I complain ;
For well I know my earnest suit
An answer yet will gain.

IV.

Teach me Thy way, O LORD ; my steps
Shall ne'er from truth depart ;
In rev'ence to Thy sacred name
Devoutly fix my heart.

V.

Thy boundless mercy shewn to me
Transcends my pow'r to tell ;
For Thou hast snatch'd my trembling soul
From lowest depths of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.

(ZION).

ON the hills is His foundation,
Hills that own His holy fear ;
Dwelling-place of all the nation,
None to Jacob's GOD so dear,
Zion still His love engages ;
All her gates He deigns to bless
With the glories of past ages,
Glories of the wilderness.

II.

“ Rahab yet, and distant Babel,
Will I grant to hear my voice ;
Tyre, Philistia, will enable,
With the Cushite, to rejoice.”
Gracious words of love and pity !
But the ransom'd world should know
Thou did'st first, O favour'd city !
Hear the lips from whence they flow.

III.

GOD the highest hath promoted
Zion's claims o'er all the earth :
Gentiles read—Jehovah wrote it—
“ Zion gave the Saviour birth.”
Zion ! seek thy slighted treasure :
Mirth and melody 'twill be.
All my springs of life and pleasure,
Sacred Zion ! rise in Thee.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

(AFFLICTION.)

TO Thee, my GOD and Saviour ! I,
By day and night, address my cry :
Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear ;
To my distress incline Thine ear.

II.

My soul bow'd down and full of woe,
Draws nigh the gloomy shades below ;
Like one whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead.

III.

Thy wrath lies heavy on my breast,
With all Thy rolling waves oppress'd ;
Abhorr'd by friends, alone, I sigh,
Shut up past hope of liberty.

IV.

Shall the mute grave Thy love confess ?
A mould'ring tomb Thy faithfulness ?
Thy truth and pow'r renown obtain
When darkness and oblivion reign ?

V.

To Thee I call ; to Thee, in pray'r,
At earliest dawn disclose my care ;
LORD, why hast Thou my soul repell'd ?
Why thus Thy quick'ning beams withheld ?

PSALM LXXXIX.

(MERCY AND TRUTH.)

THY mercies, LORD, shall be my song ;
My song on them shall ever dwell ;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

II.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last ;
Thy truth, that does the heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

III.

For such stupendous truth and love
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe ;
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

PSALM XC.

(MORTALITY.)

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling place,
From age to age the same,
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame.

II.

In Thine account a thousand years
Are like a day that's past ;
Or like a watch in dead of night
Whose hours unminded waste.

III.

As down a torrent borne along,
We vanish hence like dreams ;
At first we flourish, like the grass
That feels the morning beams ;

IV.

But howsoever fresh and fair
Its early beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite,
Before the evening close.

V.

Pass'd in Thy wrath our years of life,—
A tale, a thought, a sigh,—
Threescore and ten,—a weary strife ;—
We count them, and we die.

VI.

So, teach us, LORD, to number o'er
Our days, and weigh them well,
That we our hearts may close apply
In Wisdom's tents to dwell.

PSALM XCI.

(THE PAVILION.)

WHO dwelleth in the secret shrine
Of GOD, the LORD Most High,
To shade and bless his sure abode
Almighty pow'r is nigh.

II.

Beneath His feathers safe, His truth
Shall be thy shield and stay :
No terror shalt thou fear by night,
Nor winged steel by day.

III.

Though thousands fall at thy right hand,
Ten thousand at thy side,
'Mid tainted air and sickness thou
In safety shalt abide.

IV.

Whilst only with thine eyes thou see'st
The sinner's awful fate,
On thee, who mak'st the LORD thy home,
No plague or harm shall wait.

V.

Whilst, round thee plac'd, angelic guards
Shall gently bear thee on,
Pursue thy way, nor fear to hurt
Thy foot against a stone.

PSALM XCII.

(GRATITUDE.)

'TIS good to thank the mighty God,
To chant Thy name, O Thou Most High,
To tell at morn Thy love abroad,
Thy truth beneath the midnight sky ;
With ten-stringed lute and lyre so sweet,
Deep thoughtful chords, with harpings
For with Thy work and high employ [meet :
Thou cheer'st me, LORD ; I sing for joy.

II.

As flowering palm the just shall shew,
As mountain cedar waving broad :
Set in the LORD's own house they grow,
In holiest precincts of our God.
These in hoar age more fruit shall bear,
For ever glowing, green and fair,
To shew how true the LORD mine aid,
How bright, how clear from evil shade.

PSALM XCIII.

(OMNIPOTENCE.)

GOD, the LORD, a King remaineth,
Rob'd in His own glorious light,
God hath rob'd Him, and He reigneth,
He hath girded Him with might.

Hallelujah !

GOD is King in depth and height.

II.

In her everlasting station

Earth is pois'd, to swerve no more ;
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar,

Hallelujah !

LORD Thou art for evermore.

III.

LORD, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean-floods have lift their roar,
Now they pause when they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.

Hallelujah !

For the ocean's sounding store.

IV.

With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep ;
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God who reigns on Heaven's high steep.

Hallelujah !

Songs of ocean never sleep.

PSALM XCIV.

(THE AVENGER.)

THE vengeance, LORD, to Thee belongs ;
Proclaim Thy wrath aloud.
Great Judge of all ! redress our wrongs ;
Let justice smite the proud.

II.

They say “ The LORD nor sees, nor hears.”
Fools ! when will they be wise ?
Can He be deaf who form'd their ears ?
Or blind who made their eyes ?

III.

Their thoughts shall meet His stern rebuke ;
He knows them false and vain :
But, should His saints transgress, a look
Shall win them back again.

IV.

Thy chast'ning arm who meekly feels
That man is greatly blest ;
To such Thy mercy, LORD, reveals
A law that yields him rest.

V.

While many a roving dream and care
Comes o'er me deep and sad,
My wild thoughts branching here and there,
Thy comforts make me glad.

PSALM XCV.

(OMNIPRESENCE)

COME loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise
When our Salvation's rock we praise.

II.

To crowd His presence let us haste,
And laud His name for favours past ;
To God address, in joyful songs,
The praise that still to Him belongs.

III.

The depths of earth are in His hand ;
Her secret wealth at His command ;
The strength of ev'ry tow'ring hill
Proclaims His awful presence still.

IV.

The ocean's stores and vast abyss
No less, by sov'reign right, are His,
Outspread by His Almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid strand.

V.

Come, kneel we then, and lowly all
Before the LORD our Maker fall,
The flock that, guided by His care,
The blessings of His bounty share.

PSALM XCVI.

(GLAD TIDINGS.)

O SING to GOD a new made song :
Let earth in one assembled throng,
Her common Patron's praise resound.
O sing to GOD, and bless His name ;
From day to day His acts proclaim ;
With praise be His salvation crown'd.
To heathen lands His fame rehearse ;
His wonders through the universe.

II.

Proclaim aloud Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd Justice will restore ;
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth let earth express ;
Its loud applause let ocean roar ;
Through all its realms in fulness rise,
And thunder to the distant skies.

III.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring ;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The LORD's approach to celebrate ;
Who now sets out, with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take :
From Heav'n, to judge the world, He's come,
And all shall own His righteous doom.

PSALM XCVII.

(MAJESTY.)

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
Rejoice in His auspicious sway ;
The countless isles, with sacred mirth,
Be glad, and all His will obey.

II.

Deep clouds of dark and awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state ;
His guards are Truth and Justice made,
And fix'd by His pavilion wait.

III.

His fiery bolts, around Him hurl'd,
Consume His foes before His face ;
His lightnings kindled up the world ;
Earth saw and trembled to her base.

IV.

For Thou, O GOD ! art seated high
Above the pow'rs of earth enthron'd ;
Thou, LORD, unrivall'd in the sky,
Supreme, the GOD of Gods, art own'd.

V.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the LORD !
High thoughts of all His holiness
Deep lodg'd in faithful breasts record,
And still with thankful tongues confess.

PSALM XCVIII.

(SALVATION.)

O SING to the LORD a new song,
For marvellous things hath He done ;
The arm of His might, so holy and strong,
For Himself hath the victory won.

II.

Full proof of His love and His pow'r
In the sight of the nations He gave ;
Jehovah shone forth in His destiny's hour,
The righteous, the mighty to save.

III.

His truth in remembrance He bore
For the house of His own guiding rod,
That the ends of the earth might behold and
The salvation of GOD, our own GOD. [adore

IV.

Strike up, all ye lands ! to the LORD ;
With the loud peal of melody sing :
Let cornet and harp with the trumpets accord :
Rejoice to Jehovah the King.

V.

The sea, with its tribes, let them roar,
The universe, dwellers and all ; [tains adore,
Let the floods clap their hands, and the moun-
And their raptures in unison fall.

VI.

The present Jehovah they own, [appeal'd :
From whose righteousness none hath
To judgment He cometh, to sit on His throne,
And the sceptre of equity wield.

PSALM XCIX.

(LOWLINESS.)

PRAISE the LORD our GOD, and lowly
At the footstool of His feet,
Fall ye down, for He is holy :—
Who to call on GOD, are meet ?
Whose deep sighing
Will His answering mercy greet ?

II.

Moses, Aaron, His anointed,
'Mid His chosen priests and dear ;
Samuel, whom His love appointed
Chief of hearts that own Him near :
These have called Him,
Call'd the LORD, and he gave ear.

III.

From His pillar'd cloud of brightness
Gently spake He when they wept ;
For in truth and hearts' uprightness
All His love and law they kept.
GOD, our Saviour !
Thy kind answer never slept.

IV.

Thou wast yet their GOD forgiving,
While their doings earn'd Thy rod.
Praise our LORD, the Ever-living ;
Toward the mount of His abode
Humbly falling.
Holy is the LORD our GOD.

PSALM C.

(A CALL TO PRAISE.)

WITH one consent let all the earth
To GOD their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

II.

Convinc'd that He is GOD alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock which He vouchsafes to feed.

III.

O enter then His temple gate ;
Thence to His courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

IV.

For He's the LORD supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever sure :
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CI.

(HOLY RESOLUTIONS.)

MERCY and truth, LORD, are my song,
To Thee I pour my lay ;
Come Thou and guide my steps along
The good and perfect way.

II.

Before mine eyes I will not set
The flatt'ring forms of sin :
The work of those who Thee forget,
No love of mine shall win.

III.

Who wounds his neighbour's name, aside,
By slander's secret bite,
The scornful look, the heart of pride,
I bear not in my sight.

IV.

I seek the faithful and the just,
To dwell in love with me ;
These only are the friends I trust ;
My servant such shall be.

PSALM CII.

(UNCHANGEABLENESS.)

LORD, hear my pray'r ; and to Thy throne
O let my mournful cry ascend :
Hide not Thy face from my distress,
But hear, and speedy answer send.

II.

My days, as smoke, consume away ;
My bones are hearth-brands dry and dead ;
Like grass my with'ring heart declines,
That I forget to eat my bread.

III.

The firm foundation of the earth,
Thou, LORD, of old hast deeply laid :
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n,
The spangled firmament, have made.

IV.

They, when their work is done, shall pass ;
But Thou remain'st the same for aye ;
Them, like a vesture, Thou shalt change,
Consum'd by unperceiv'd decay.

V.

Thou mad'st, and Thou shalt fold them up,
Or, form'd anew, their frame extend ;
But Thou, Jehovah, changest not ;
Thy rolling years shall have no end.

PSALM CIII.

(CONDESCENSION.)

THE LORD abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move ;
His willing mercy flows apace.

II.

In wrath He will not always chide,
But soon the gath'ring storm avert ;
And deigns His punishments to guide
More by His love than our desert.

III.

As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this lowly spot of clay,
So much His boundless love transcends
The best returns that we can pay.

IV.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has He our sins remov'd,
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear'd Him always lov'd.

PSALM CIV.

(CREATION.)

MY soul praise the LORD :
Thou LORD, mine own God,
Art glorious, enrob'd
In beauty and might ;
The heav'ns like a curtain
Thou spreadest abroad,
As raiment around Thee
Enfoldest the light.

II.

For chamber beams sure
Dark waters He binds ;
Of clouds dim and deep
His chariot doth frame ;
On stormy blasts riding,
On wings of all winds,
His angels are spirits,
His hosts a clear flame.

III.

On roots of her own,
He built the firm globe,
For ever and aye
Unswerving to last ;
The waste ocean gath'ring
O'er all as a robe ;
Its border and bound
His word hath made fast.

PSALM CV.

(PRAISE.)

O RENDER thanks to GOD above ;
Invoke His sacred name ;
Acquaint the nations with His deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

II.

Sing to His praise in lofty hymns ;
His wond'rous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

III.

Rejoice in His Almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd ;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the LORD.

IV.

Seek ye the LORD : His saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And when He's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

PSALM CVIII.

(MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH.)

GOD'S truth shall ne'er forget to guard
The promise by his lip declar'd,
But still propitious, from above,
Defend the objects of His love.

II.

God spake it in his His holy place :
My foes shall dread to meet My face ;
(E'en now I haste to share the prey ;)
And willing subjects own My sway.

III.

Behold us, LORD, oppress'd with woe,
As exil'd from Thy care we go ;
Shall Israel's hosts, Thine aid withheld,
Still unsuccessful take the field ?

IV.

Our hope, on man repos'd in vain,
O let Thy strength, great GOD, sustain ;
And let us, on Thy help reclin'd,
In Thee a firm protection find.

V.

Thus arm'd each adverse pow'r we dare,
And dauntless meet the rushing war ;
While from Thy sword our foes retire,
Or trampled in the dust expire.

PSALM CIX.

(THE MAN OF SORROWS.)

THY glory, LORD, reveal ;
O deal with me in love.
'Tis good Thy saving pow'r to feel,
Thy mercy sweet to prove.

II.

I droop forlorn and poor ;
My heart within me bleeds ;
A shadow, that may not endure,
My life departing speeds.

III.

A locust on the blast
Toss'd up and down I'm borne ;
My knees are weak from weary fast,
My flesh to leanness worn.

IV.

Their word of spite am I,
Revil'd, forsaken, fled ;
They look on me, the passers-by,
And scornful toss the head.

V.

Give help, O LORD my GOD !
In wonted mercy spare ;
That all may speak Thy praise abroad,
And own that GOD was there.

PSALM CX.

(MELCHIZEDECH.)

THUS to my LORD, Jehovah spake,
'Till I Thy foes Thy footstool make,
Sit Thou at my right hand ;
Supreme in Zion Thou shalt be,
And all Thy proud opposers see
Subdued to Thy command.

II.

To grace Thy pow'r's triumphant day,
The willing nations shall obey ;
And, when Thy beams they view,
Shall all, redeem'd from error's night,
Appear as numberless and bright
As chrystal drops of dew.

III.

The LORD hath sworn, nor sworn in vain ;
That, like Melchizedech's, Thy reign
And priesthood ne'er shall end :
The LORD Himself, along Thy path,
Shall wake the terrors of His wrath ;
Before Thee kings shall bend.

IV.

The heathen He shall judge, and slay ;
And fill with carnage all His way ;
And strike oppressors dead.
He, in the way-side brook, shall first,
A pilgrim poor, assuage His thirst,
Then lift again His head.

PSALM CXI.

(UNCHANGEABLENESS.)

PRAISE ye the LORD, our GOD to praise
My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise ;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, His praise shall be my song.

II.

His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wond'rous works with ease are found
By those, who seek them out aright,
And in the pious search delight.

III.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
To endless ages still shall last.

IV.

His wond'rous works were so design'd
That men should keep them still in mind,
And all posterity record
That good and gracious is the LORD.

PSALM CXII.

(PROSPERITY.)

THAT man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury ;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

II.

For ev'ry godly soul a light
Shall dawn on dark affliction's night :
Gracious and merciful his mind ;
Loving and just to all mankind.
Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground :
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

PSALM CXIII.

(CONDESCENSION.)

YE saints and servants of the LORD
The triumphs of His name record ;
His sacred name for ever bless :
Where'er the circ'ling sun displays
His rising beam or setting rays,
Due praise to His great name address.

II.

GOD through the world extends His sway.
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are :
With Him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'ns in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

III.

Though 'tis beneath His state to view
In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care ;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

PSALM CXIV.

(MAJESTY.)

WHAT time, in His great name,
From Egypt Israel came,
The house of Jacob from the throng
Of strange barbaric tongue ;

II.

In Judah lodg'd his light,
O'er Israel spreads His might :—
The sea beheld, and trembling parts,
And Jordan backward starts.

III.

The sea hath sprung aside,
And Jordan turn'd his tide ;
Like rams the desert mountains leap,
The little hills, like sheep.

IV.

What ails thee, sea, to part,
Thee, Jordan, back to start ?
Ye mountains, like the rams to leap,
Ye little hills, like sheep ?

V.

O earth, be moved before
The GOD whom we adore ;
Before the LORD, who deigns to dwell
In tents with Israel :

VI.

Who made the rock a pool
Of mantling waters cool :
The flint stone in the burning mount
A bright and gushing fount.

PSALM CXV.

(TRUST.)

NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due ;
Eternal God ! Thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true,

II.

Shine forth in all Thy dreadful name !
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insulting cry, to raise our shame,
Where now the God ye serv'd so long ?

III.

The God we serve maintains His throne,
Above the clouds, beyond the skies ;
Through all the earth His will is done,
He knows our groans, He hears our cries.

IV.

But vain the idols they adore ;
All senseless shapes of stone and wood ;
At best a mass of glittering ore,
Work of men's hands, a golden God !

V.

O Israel, make the LORD thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest ;
To rich increase He lifts thee up ;
Thee, and thy children, He hath blest.

PSALM CXVI.

(DELIVERANCE.)

I LOVE the LORD ; He heard my cries
And pity'd ev'ry groan ;
Through all my life, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to His throne.

II.

Death threw its fearful snares around,
And pains of hell possess'd ;
The weight of heaviest griefs I found,
And anguish pierc'd my breast.

III.

My GOD ! I cried, to Thee I bow ;
Be gracious to my soul :
Most just in all Thy ways art Thou,
And mercy crowns the whole.

IV.

The LORD beheld me sore distress ;
He bade my pains remove.
Return, my soul ! to GOD thy rest,
For thou hast known His love.

V.

My GOD hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears :
His praise demands my latest breath,
His service all my years.

PSALM CXVII.

(PRAISE.)

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

II.

God's tender mercy knows no bound :
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

(PRAISE.)

LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your Heav'nly King ;
For His mercies far extend,
And His bounty knows no end.

II.

Israel, Thy Creator bless,
And with joyous heart confess,
That His mercies far extend,
And His bounty knows no end.

III.

Ye who make His will your care,
With assenting voice declare
That His mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

IV.

Songs of joy and hymns of praise
To our GOD and Saviour raise,
For His mercies far extend,
And His bounty knows no end.

PSALM CXIX.

(EXCELLENCY OF SCRIPTURE.)

BECAUSE Thy word, O LORD, is pure,
Thy servant loves it still ;
O that my ways Thou would'st ensure
Thy statutes to fulfil.

II.

My soul, Thy judgments to descry,
Faints with intense desire :
Still to thy lov'd commands, will I,
For my chief joy, retire.

III.

Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
Such rapture can afford ;
Sweet to my mouth as honey are
Thy gracious words, O LORD !

IV.

How dear Thy precepts to my mind !
Better than wealth untold,
Thousands of silver well-refin'd,
And heaps of purest gold.

V.

Oh ! how I love to hear Thy law !
'Tis daily my delight :
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

VI.

Thy statutes evermore have cheer'd
My pilgrimage with song ;
My hope upon Thy word is rear'd,
A pillar fair and strong.

PSALM CXX.

(TENTS OF KEDAR.)

IN deep distress to GOD I cry'd
Who deign'd His ear to lend ;
From lying lips and guileful tongue,
O LORD, my soul defend.

II.

What shall be given thee? or what done
To thee, false treach'rous tongue?
Ev'n burning coals of juniper,
Sharp arrows of the strong.

III.

Ah ! woe is me that I must dwell
'Mid Mesech's sons of strife ;
In tents of Kedar doom'd to waste
My golden hours of life !

IV.

With foes of peace I long have dwelt ;
For peace if I prepare
My words their slumb'ring rage awake,
And rouse them to the war.

PSALM CXXI.

(PROTECTION.)

TO Sion's Hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid :
From GOD the LORD my help will rise,
Who Heav'n and earth has made.

II.

He will not leave thy foot to slide ;
Thy guardian will not sleep ;
The tender care of Israel's guide
Unwearied watch shall keep.

III.

The LORD, thy guardian and thy shade,
At thy right hand doth stay :
Of moon by night be not afraid,
Nor scorching sun by day.

IV.

Thy life from harm, thy soul from sin
He saves ; His eyes watch o'er
Thy going out, thy coming in,
Henceforth for evermore.

PSALM CXXII.

(THE CHURCH.)

THE festal morn, my GOD ! is come,
That calls me to the hallow'd dome,
Thy presence to adore :
My feet the summons shall attend ;
With willing steps Thy courts ascend
And tread the sacred floor.

II.

E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The Heav'n-built tow'rs of Salem rise :
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.

III.

Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo, the redeem'd of GOD ascend ;
Their tribute hither bring ;
Here, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

PSALM CXXIII.

(CONTEMPT.)

O THOU, whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To Thee our hearts would tell their pain ;
To Thee we lift our eyes.

II.

As servants watch their master's hand
And fear the angry stroke,
As maids before their mistress stand
And wait a peaceful look ;

III.

So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O GOD !
Yet wait the gracious moment still
'Till thou remove the rod.

IV.

Those that in wealth and pleasure live
Our daily groans deride,
And Thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

V.

Our foes insult us ; but our hope
In Thy compassion lies :
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
'The LORD will not despise.

PSALM CXXIV.

(DELIVERANCE.)

WERE not the LORD upon our side,
 (May Israel now adoring say,)
Were not the LORD upon our side
 When men around us rose for prey,
They had devour'd us quick ; so stern
We saw, that hour, their fury burn.

II.

Then o'er us burst the waters deep,
 The torrent stream ; our souls had bow'd,
Our soul had bow'd beneath their sweep ;
 Dark waters, cruel waves and proud.
Praise GOD, who hath not cast away
Our soul, to their wild jaws a prey.

III.

E'en as a bird from fowler's snare,
 Our soul is wafted high and free ;
The snare is broken ; free as air
 We soar at large, and cling to Thee.
Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who Heav'n and earth alone did frame.

PSALM CXXV.

(PROTECTION.)

WHO place on Sion's GOD their trust
Secure as Sion's mount shall stand ;
Like her immoveable be fix'd,
For ever, by th' Almighty's hand.

II.

Look, how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem's fair walls enclose !
So stands the LORD around His saints,
And shall for ever quell their foes.

III.

The wicked may afflict the just,
Yet shall they not oppress too long ;
Lest, in some hour of dark despair,
They put their hand to aught that's wrong.

IV.

Be good, O gracious LORD, to those
Who righteous words and deeds affect ;
Those that are good and true of heart,
From all approach of ill protect.

V.

For those who faithless turn aside,
Each to his false and crooked way,
God with ill-doers shall lead them forth ;
But peace on Israel's tents shall stay.

PSALM CXXVI.

(CAPTIVITY.)

WHEN Zion's sad captivity
Jehovah turn'd again,
Our mirth appeared a dream to be,
A vision fair, but vain.

II.

But oh ! what laughter spoke our cheer,
What joy our tongue express'd,
From heathen lips of GOD to hear
How He our tribes had bless'd !

III.

"Great things for them the LORD hath done."
So ran their cheery voice :
He hath done marvels, many an one,
Whereof we will rejoice.

IV.

Who sow in tears shall reap in mirth ;
And he, whose sad employ
Bears precious seed with sorrow forth,
Shall bring his sheaves with joy.

PSALM CXXVII.

(PROTECTION.)

IF GOD to build the house deny
The builder's toil is vain ;
And forts, without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.

II.

Why rise ye early, late take rest,
And eat the bread of care ?
The balm of sleep, His gift confest,
His children richly share.

III.

Know, too, thy sons, that round thee stand,
A gift by Him prepar'd :
Nor arrows in the giant's hand
Can yield so sure a guard.

IV.

He's blest whose quiver's stor'd with these :
When hostile bands are near,
Their gath'ring in the gate he sees,
Yet sees without a fear.

PSALM CXXVIII.

(PROSPERITY.)

BLESSED is the man that feareth,
Walking in Jehovah's ways !
Eat the fruit thy labour reareth ;
Hail, for happy are thy days.
Mantling rich with many a cluster
See thy wife a fruitful vine :
Babes, as olives, thou shalt foster,
Round thy cheerful board to shine.

II.

Mark the man whose hopes rely on
God the LORD, with faithful breast ;
God, thy God shall out of Zion
Bless thee, and thou shalt be blest.
All thy days a smile shall grace thee,
Salem's happy lot to see ;
Children's children shall embrace thee ;
Israel's peace be joy to thee.

PSALM CXXIX.

(DELIVERANCE.)

UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears :
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

II.

Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife ;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.

III.

Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep ;
They hourly vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrow sleep.

IV.

The LORD grew angry on His throne ;
And, with impartial eye,
He mark'd the mischiefs they had done,
And brought deliv'rance nigh.

PSALM CXXX.

(PENITENCE.)

FROM lowest depths of woe
To GOD I sent my cry :
LORD, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

II.

Should'st Thou severely judge,
The trial who can bear ?
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce Thy fear.

III.

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living LORD ;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never failing word.

IV.

My longing eyes look out
For Thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch,
To spy the dawning day.

V.

Let Israel trust in GOD ;
No bounds His pity knows :
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Redeeming mercy flows.

PSALM CXXXI.

(LOWLINESS.)

THINE eye, my God, nor lofty mind,
Nor haughty look in me shall find ;
Nor earth's vain pomp attracts my view,
Nor honour's prize my thoughts pursue.

II.

Behold my soul refrain'd and mild,
Kept low and humble as a child,
That meek and silent sinks to rest,
Wean'd from his tender mother's breast.

III.

O fonder than a parent see
Thy Maker, Israel, cherish thee :
To latest times His name adore,
And trust His love for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

(THE CHURCH.)

O WITH due rev'rence let us all
To God's own house repair ;
And, lowly bending at His feet,
Pour out our humble pray'r.

II.

Arise, O LORD, and fill Thy shrine,
Thy constant resting-place ;
Thou, and the ark of Thy great strength,
The presence of Thy grace.

III.

Thy priests with righteousness be clad,
A pure and shining band ;
Let all Thy saints, with joyful songs,
Around Thine altar stand.

IV.

LORD ! for Thy servant David's sake,
Accept us when we pray ;
The face of Thine anointed, LORD !
Oh turn not Thou away,

PSALM CXXXIII.

(BROTHERLY LOVE.)

HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love !

II.

True love is like the precious oil
That, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

III.

Less soft the dews on Hermon's brow,
Or Sion's hill descend,
Where God his promis'd blessing yields
And life that ne'er can end.

PSALM CXXXIV.

(PRAISE.)

YE Servants of th' Eternal King,
Your grateful hymns triumphant sing :
To you I call, the chosen band,
Who take amid His courts your stand,
While gliding round the dusky pole
The starry orbs in silence roll.

II.

Within His temple's vaulted frame,
With lifted hands His praise proclaim.
And He, may He, whose pow'r hath made
The earth, and heav'n's wide arch display'd,
From sacred Zion bid thee prove
The blessings of His boundless love.

PSALM CXXXV.

(MAJESTY.)

PRAISE GOD, for it is good ;
Praise,—'tis a blest employ,—
Ye, who within His courts have stood,
Ye, His peculiar joy.

II.

For Zion is His seat,
And there His treasures be.
O praise Him, for the LORD is great ;
Above all gods is He.

III.

The LORD their GOD to please,
Through Heav'n His spirits sweep ;
His will is done in earth and seas ;
It shakes the gloomy deep.

IV.

From earth's remotest bound
He bids the vapours rise ;
The winds are brought,—we hear the sound,—
From out his treasures.

V.

The lightnings are his own ;
He sends a gracious rain,
What time the fiery bolts are thrown,
Their terrors to restrain.

PSALM CXXXVI.

(CREATION.)

TO GOD, the mighty LORD,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To Him due praise afford,
As good as He is great.
For GOD does prove our constant friend ;
His boundless love shall never end.

II.

By His Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought ;
The Heav'ns by His command
Were to perfection brought. For GOD, &c.

III.

He spreads the ocean round
About the spacious land ;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand. For GOD, &c.

IV.

Through Heav'n He did display
His num'rous hosts of light ;
The sun, to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night. For GOD, &c.

V.

He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought. For GOD, &c.

PSALM CXXXVII.

(CAPTIVITY.)

WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

II.

Our harps that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees, that wither'd there.

III.

Mean-while our foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us requir'd ;
Come, sing us one of Sion's songs.

IV.

How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hand ?
Shall hymns of joy to GOD our King
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands ?

V.

O Salem ! once our happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Then let my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move ;

VI.

If I to mention thee forbear
Eternal silence seize my tongue ;
Or if I sing one cheerful air
'Till thy deliv'rance be my song.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

(DIVINE CONDESCENSION.)

MY heart's dear praise on Thee I spend ;
In sight of all the pow'rs divine,
I chant Thee, LORD, and lowly bend
In worship tow'rd Thy holy shrine.

II.

I, for Thy mercy, praise Thee, LORD !
For Thy sure truth Thy name I praise ;
For Thou hast lov'd Thy faithful word
O'er all Thy glorious name to raise.

III.

How high the LORD ! and yet His eyes
Behold the lowly nestling heart ;
At distance He the proud espies,
He knows, and keeps them far apart.

IV.

Though in the midst of grief I walk,
Thou wilt revive and cheer me still ;
Thine outstretch'd hand my foes shall balk,
Thy right hand save from ev'ry ill.

PSALM CXXXIX.

(OMNISCIENCE.)

THOU LORD, by strictest search, hast known
My rising up, and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways ;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd word's intent.

II.

Surrounded by Thy pow'r I stand ;
On ev'ry side I find Thy hand :
O skill for human search too high,
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
O could I so perfidious be
To think of once deserting Thee,
Where, LORD, could I thine influence shun,
Or whither from Thy presence run ?

III.

If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest Thy fugitive.
Or should I try to shun Thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

PSALM CXL.

(PROTECTION.)

PRESERVE me, LORD, from wicked hands,
Nor leave my soul forlorn,
A prey to sons of violence
Who have my ruin sworn.

II.

For me the proud have laid a snare,
And spread abroad their net;
With traps, to catch th' unwary soul,
My paths are all beset.

III.

Therefore I said unto the LORD,
Thou art my GOD alone;
O hear my supplicating voice,
Attend unto my moan.

IV.

O LORD, my GOD, my sole support,
My health, my strength art Thou;
Thou hast, in day of battle, spread
Thy shelter o'er my brow.

PSALM CXLI.

(PURITY.)

LORD, let my pray'r ascend aright,
Like morning incense in Thy sight.
And let my hands uplifted rise,
A grateful evening sacrifice.

II.

Watch o'er my lips and guard them, LORD
From ev'ry rash and heedless word :
Nor let my heart incline to tread
The guilty path, by sinners led.

III.

With those, who faith in Thee deride,
O let me ne'er be occupied ;
Nor seek my pleasure or employ
With those whose life is sensual joy.

IV.

O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way ;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall still refresh, not bruise, my head.

PSALM CXLII.

(DELIVERANCE.)

WITH all my voice I GOD adore ;
To GOD my pray'r is sped ;
My musing in His sight I pour,
My woe before Him spread

II.

When heavy, like a veil of woe,
My spirit on me lay,
Thou, Thou, O LORD, didst read, and know
My life's mysterious way.

III.

They mark'd where I must go ; they plann'd
Their dark and wily snare ;
I look'd to see on my right hand ;
Not one would own me there.

IV.

All refuge from my heart was gone ;
No searcher, none to claim
Mine outcast life ; with thrilling moan
To Thee, O LORD, I came.

V.

From prison, Thy great name to bless,
My soul, Almighty ! bring ;
That righteous men may round me press,
Thy bounty o'er me sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

(ANGUISH.)

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend ;
In Thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send :

II.

Nor at Thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried,
For in Thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

III.

Thou see'st the foe pursue my life ;
Its comforts all are fled ;
He bids me dwell in caverns dark,
Amidst the mould'ring dead.

IV.

'Tis thus my spirit sinks o'erwhelm'd
Within my vexed breast ;
My mournful heart grows desolate
With heavy woes oppress.

V.

I call to mind the days of old
And wonders Thou hast wrought ;
The former mercies of Thy hand
Employ my musing thought.

VI.

O make me hear Thy love at morn ;
My trust on Thee depends ;
Teach me the way that I should go ;
To Thee my soul ascends.

PSALM CXLIV.

(PROSPERITY.)

BLEST be the LORD my strength and tow'r,
Who still supports His servant's right ;
Who nerves my arms in danger's hour,
And gives my fingers skill to fight.

II.

His blessing bids our sons to grow
Like plants in all their youthful bloom ;
As corner stones our daughters shew,
Beneath the temple's polish'd dome.

III.

Crown'd with His smiles its varied store
The bursting garner freely yields ;
The fleecy dams their offspring pour
By countless thousands o'er our fields.

IV.

Our oxen shall be strong to toil ;
Our kine th' appointed months fulfil ;
No plund'rer carry home the spoil ;
Our happy streets bewail no ill.

V.

O blest ! to whom such grace is giv'n !
Blest who th' Almighty LORD adore !
The tribes who call the GOD of heav'n
Their GOD, their own, for evermore.

PSALM CXLV.

(PRAISE.)

THEE I'll extol, my GOD and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim ;
This tribute daily will I bring,
And ever bless Thy name.

II.

Thou, LORD, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd ;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

III.

Renown'd for mighty acts, Thy fame
To future times extends :
From age to age Thy glorious name
Successively descends.

IV.

Whilst I Thy glory and renown
And wond'rous works express,
The world, with me, Thy might shall own,
And Thy great pow'r confess.

V.

The LORD is good : fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies ;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

PSALM CXLVI.

(PROTECTION.)

O PRAISE the LORD, my inmost soul,
For ever bless His name :
His wond'rous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

II.

On princes, or the child of man,
Let none for aid rely ;
They cannot save ; their breath departs ;
Their counsels with them die.

III.

How blest are they who ev'ry care
On Jacob's GOD repose ;
Whose hope is in the LORD their GOD,
Nor other refuge knows.

IV.

The LORD that made heav'n, earth, and sea,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit His steadfast truth,
Nor make His promise vain.

PSALM CXLVII.

(PROVIDENCE.)

TO GOD be Salem's love
And Zion's praise address'd ;
He barr'd thy gates that nought might move ;
Thy sons within thee bless'd.

II.

With peace He crowns thy land,
And feeds with fine wheat flour :
On earth sends out His high command ;
Swift runs His word that hour.

III.

With clouds the heav'n He fills,
Soft rain on earth to yield ;
Bids grass to grow upon the hills,
And herb to clothe the field.

IV.

He snow like wool hath given ;
Hoar-frost as ashes spreads ;
His ice like morsels casts from heav'n ;
His cold the stoutest dreads.

V.

He speaks, they melt away ;
He breathes, the waters flow.
O praise the LORD in tuneful lay ;
'Tis sweet His praise to shew.

PSALM CXLVIII.

(CREATION.)

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame.
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim,
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

II.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light
To Him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

III.

Let them adore the LORD,
And praise His holy name,
At whose almighty word
They all from nothing came :
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

PSALM CXLIX.

(PRAISE.)

O PRAISE ye the LORD,
prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
assembly to sing.
In his great Creator
let Israel rejoice ;
And children of Zion
be glad in their King.

II.

Let them His great name
extol in the dance ;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express ;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
In robes of salvation
the humble to dress.

III.

His saints shall rejoice
in glory and joy ;
Shall sing on their beds
with deep-ton'd delight :
High praise of Jehovah
their mouths shall employ ;
Their hand shall a sword wield,
two-edg'd for the fight.

PSALM CL.

(A CALL TO PRAISE.)

O PRAISE the LORD in that blest place
From whence His goodness largely flows ;
Praise Him in heav'n, where He His face
Unveil'd, in perfect glory shews.

II.

Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf hath done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

III.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them accord,
In just returns of praise employ ;
Let every creature praise the LORD.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The GOD whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore

II.

By angels in heav'n
 of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
 all praise be address'd,
To GOD in three persons,
 one GOD ever blest ;
As it has been, now is,
 and always shall be.

III.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The GOD whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And [suff'ring] saints on earth adore.
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time [itself] shall be no more.

DOXOLOGIES.

IV.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The GOD whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

V.

Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

VI.

Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
GOD is worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for man to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
Help your GOD and ours to praise.

DOXOLOGIES.

VII.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name ;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete ! to Thee.

VIII.

When sun and moon forsake their course,
And seasons cease to be,
Thee, Father ! must we always love,
And, Saviour ! honour Thee.
And Thee, the guiding Spirit, bless
'Till life's last sands have run ;
And praise, in nature's latest hour,
Th' eternal Three in One.

IX.

By all the heav'nly host,
Before all worlds ador'd,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :
All creatures, praise the LORD.

DOXOLOGIES.

X.

Thee, Father ! Thee we praise,
Coequal LORD, the Son !
Thee, Holy Ghost ! through endless days,
We worship, Three in One.

XI.

GOD be prais'd : to GOD be glory :
(Thus th' angelic numbers ran)
Glory in the highest heavens :
Peace on earth, good will to man.
Swell the chorus
Now, as when the world began.

XII.

LORD GOD of hosts ! in substance One,
The Holy, Holy, Holy Three !
When heav'n and earth their course have run
Thine, LORD Most High ! shall glory be.

HYMNS

FOR

THE CONGREGATION

OR

THE CLOSET.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

THE REV. W. W. PHELPS, M.A.

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READING :

PRINTED BY R. WELCH, 12, MARKET PLACE.

MDCCCXLIX.

PREFACE.

THE principal considerations by which the compiler has been induced, in this and a preceding volume, of "Psalms for the Congregation," to add to the numerous collections already existing, are that the Psalms usually presented to the public in such collections either adhere so closely to the authorized metrical versions as to deprive that part of Divine Worship very unnecessarily, as he considers, of much poetical attraction, as well as of life and spirituality; or else, are so freely paraphrased, as to bear but little of their original character, and to deserve the designation of Hymns and Imitations, rather than of Versions of the Psalms: whilst with Hymns, on the other hand, it has become a frequent practice so freely to alter them, that in many instances they have lost much of the force and beauty with which they proceeded from the pens of their authors.

It has been his aim in the present selection to restore the most popular of these productions to their original form, introducing none but the slightest alterations; such, for instance, as were demanded by

the curtailment requisite for the devotional object of his work ; together with the rejection of a few phrases, of a more familiar or impassioned character than seemed to comport with either the solemnity of Divine Worship, or the approach of a fallen, though redeemed creature, to the Supreme Being. He is aware that his judgment may be called in question for not having done more in that way ; but in some instances he has advisedly abstained from it, thinking refinement would be too dearly purchased by the compromise of holy fervour, or of Christian truth and simplicity.

In his former volume the various metrical versions of the Psalms were, without scruple, altered and combined, with the single view of exhibiting portions, that should fairly represent the sacred original ; as far, that is, as it has become familiar to us, through the authorized prose translations of the Church of England.

The tendency so long and so extensively existing in the Church of Christ, in all countries, to employ the Psalms of David as a vehicle for her devout praises, can never, it is conceived, be safely overlooked by those, whose thoughts are directed towards rendering that part of Divine Worship profitable and effective. It may well commend itself as a wholesome practice, and as eminently calculated to give solidity

and breadth to the foundation of that edifying part of religious service. To effect this object, however, the Psalms should be, as nearly as possible, what they purport to be, the Psalms of David : and then, as a comely and well-proportioned superstructure, a selection from the great variety of beautiful, forcible, and racy compositions, with which our language abounds, and which dwell on the glories and privileges of the New Testament dispensation, may be built up with great propriety and advantage : each age of the Church thus assisting the devotions of its successor, by the expression of its varied experience,—its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its cares and confidences,—and by its testimony to the never-failing mercy and goodness of the Lord.

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HYMNS.

TRINITY IN UNITY.

1.

Song of Heaven and Earth.

- 1 COME join with ours, ye heav'nly choir !
Your loudest notes of glad acclaim :
To strains like yours we would aspire,
And burn with your seraphic flame.
- 2 Through all creation's utmost bounds,
'To highest heav'n from depths of hell,
Strike up th' unutterable sounds,
The loud and louder chorus swell.
- 3 Nought less can match the rolling tide
Of love, that sweeps our souls along ;
Nor channel dug less deep and wide
Convey the fulness of our song.
- 4 With angels, then, our praise we'll bring ;
Our voices with archangels blend :
And heav'n's eternal vaults shall ring
With shouts of joy that ne'er shall end.
- 5 Lord God of Hosts ! in substance One,
The holy, holy, holy Three !
When heav'n and earth their course have run,
Thine, Lord most High ! shall glory be.

TRINITY IN UNITY.

2.

Prayer to the Holy Trinity.

- 1 **F**ATHER of heav'n ! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
To us thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death !
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
To us thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
Grace, pardon, life to us extend !

3.

Song of Heaven and Earth.

- 1 **H**AIL ! holy, holy, holy Lord !
Whom One in Three we know ;
By all thy heavenly host ador'd,
By all thy church below.
- 2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim :
The universe is full of Thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee, holy Father, we confess ;
Thee, holy Son, adore :

Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.

- 4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God receive !
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give.
- 5 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love :
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing thy praise above.
- 6 Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be)
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three !

4.

Praise to the Holy Trinity.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing
In ev'ry time and place,
Glory to our heav'nly King,
The God of truth and grace.
- 2 Angels and archangels, all
Adore the Three in One ;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before the throne !
- 3 Thee they sing with glory crown'd ;
We fall before the Lamb ;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

TRINITY IN UNITY.

4 Father, Lord, thy love we praise,
Which gave the Son to die ;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify.

5 Spirit, Comforter divine,
All praise to Thee be giv'n,
'Till we in full chorus join,
And earth be turn'd to heav'n.

5.

Praise to the Holy Trinity.

1 **W**E give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above.
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God ! to Thee
Be endless honours done,

The Undivided Three,
And the Mysterious One.
Where reason fails with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

6.

Majesty.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command !
Vast as eternity thy love !
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

7.

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 **B**EGIN the high celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul, and sing—

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

- A solemn hymn of grateful praise,
To heav'n's Almighty King.
- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.
- 3 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away ;
And round the wide extended world
The lofty theme convey.
- 4 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as ye arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the ev'ning skies ;
- 5 Long let it tremble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky ;
Till angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony.
- 6 While we, with sacred raptures fir'd,
The blest Creator sing ;
And chaunt our consecrated lays
To heav'n's eternal King.

8.

A call to Gratitude.

- 1 **H**OW cheerful along the gay mead,
The daisy and cowslip appear !
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The foliage that decks the gay bow'rs,
 The herbage that springs from the sod,
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
 All rise to the praise of my God.

- 2 Shall man, the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove ?
 Forbid it, fair gratitude's call ;
 Forbid it, devotion and love !
 The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 My lips shall incessantly praise ;
 My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

9.

Majesty.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God ! while angels bless thee,
 May an infant lisp thy name,
 Lord of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Amen.

- 2 Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days !
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and lawful praise. *Hal.*

- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought,
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought. *Hal.*

- 4 For thy providence that governs
 'Through thine empire's wide domain ;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
 Blessed be thy gentle reign. *Hal.*
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along !
 Thought is poor, and poor expression :
 Who dare sing that awful song ? *Hal.*

10.

Songs of Angels.

- 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born;
 Songs of praise arose, when He
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heav'n and earth must pass away ;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day :
 God will make new heav'ns and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
 "Till that glorious kingdom come ?
 No ! The Church delights to raise
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

11.

A call to praise.

- 1 **S**TAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice:
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heav'n our thought!
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear:
Though unreveal'd to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers!
- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

12.

God incomprehensible.

- 1 **T**HY way O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace:
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wandering thoughts confound.
- 3 As thro' a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love,
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!
- 4 'Tis but in part I know thy will ;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light ?

13.

Mighty to save.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King:
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete;
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne:
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs:
Immortal crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting songs.

14.

God wise and gracious.

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But tho' his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heav'n, and earth, and air, and sea,
He executes his firm decree;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what He does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
And bow before his awful seat;
'Midst all the terrors of his rod,
Still trust a wise and gracious God.

15.

Creation.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, Thee we praise,
Thee the Creation sings !
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight ;
Thro' skies and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace,
Our nobler passions move ;
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

16.

Universal Praise.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

17.

Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and will break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence,
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

18.

Ancient of Days.

- 1 **G**REAT former of this various frame,
 Our souls adore thy awful name ;

WORKS OF GOD.

And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

- 2 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light ;
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 3 Our days a transient period run,
And change with ev'ry circling sun ;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 4 But let the creatures fall around :
Let death consign us to the ground :
Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies :
- 5 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

19.

Ruling the Storm.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy pow'r divine :
We hear thy breath in ev'ry storm,
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sov'reign will ;
And, aw'd by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

- 3 Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blast
To them that seek thy face ;
And mingles, with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumults cease,
And gales of Paradise shall soothe
My weary soul to peace.

20.

Endless Praise.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

21.

Providence.

- 1 SINCE all the downward tracks of time
God's watchful eye surveys
O ! who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways.
- 2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies ;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Assure us of thy wondrous love,
Immeasurably kind ;

To thine unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resign'd.

- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name ;
There let it fill some humble place,
A follower of the Lamb !

22.

Providence reviewed.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran ;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 3 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sin and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

- 6 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise :
 But O, eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise !

23.

Life reviewed.

- 1 **W**HEN o'er the trodden paths of life
 I backward turn mine eyes,
 What varied scenes, throughout the road,
 Awaken my surprise !
- 2 Thousands, to whom my natal hour
 Imparted vital breath,
 Just look'd on life, and clos'd their eyes
 Fast in the sleep of death.
- 3 Thousands, who climb'd to manhood's stage,
 Safe thro' unnumber'd snares,
 Travell'd not far before they sunk
 Amidst its thorns and cares.
- 4 Follow'd through ev'ry changing stage,
 With goodness all my days,
 Deny me not a heart to love,
 A tongue to speak thy praise.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand thanks to Thee
 My grateful lips shall give ;
 And, while I make thy grace my trust,
 To Thee alone I'll live.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand thanks to Thee
 Echo along the road ;
 O ! may I join those endless songs
 That fill thy blest abode.

24.

Praise from all creatures.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Sing earth in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade.
- 3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns :
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 4 But O ! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love !
God's only Son in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made !
- 5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;
There in the land of praise adore :
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undeclining day.

25.

Light and Glory of the Word.

- 1 **A** GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to ev'ry age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

26.

The Promises.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
- 4 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

- 5 O might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "thou art mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
- 6 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure !
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

27.

Light and Truth.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams o'er earth's wide surface run,
And gladden it with day.
- 2 But, Lord, thy word supplies
A brighter, holier light ;
It trains the simple to be wise,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 Teach me to feel its worth,
Its hidden pow'r to see,
And kindle, as it shadows forth
The glory yet to be.
- 4 Teach me, with stedfast heart,
That glory to pursue,
Till joyous from the tomb I start,
And find the vision true.

28.

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow !
The gladly solemn sound

Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb :
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

3 The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of heav'nly grace.
 Ye happy souls, draw near.
 Behold your Saviour's face.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

29.

Scripture given by inspiration.

1 **E**TERNAL Spirit ! 'twas thy breath
 The oracles of truth inspir'd,
 And kings and holy seers of old
 With strong prophetic impulse fir'd.

2 Fill'd with thy great almighty pow'r
 Their lips with heav'nly science flow'd ;
 Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
 Which bore the signature of God.

3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news
 Of pardon, thro' a Saviour's blood ;
 And to a num'rous seeking crowd
 Mark'd out the path to his abode.

- 4 'The pow'rs of earth and hell in vain
Against the sacred word combine ;
Thy Providence thro' every age
Securely guards the work divine.
- 5 Thee, its great author, source of light—
Thee, its preserver, we adore ;
And humbly ask a ray from 'Thee,
Its hidden wonders to explore.

30.

Glory of God in Redemption.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand thro' the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
'They show the labour of thy hands
Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms ;—
- 5 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe ;
We love and we adore ;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

31.

The Glad Tidings.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
"Zion behold thy Saviour King,"
He reigns and triumphs there.
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

32.

Treasures of Truth.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord ;

And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage :
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
The merchant is divinely wise
Who makes that pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life
'Thro' all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O may thy counsels, mighty God !
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

33.

The Blessings of Revelation.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord ;
Thy hands have brought salvation down
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon :

With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy thy commands !
Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands.

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

34.

God in Covenant.

1 **M**Y God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with Thee
As nature could desire ;
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heav'n my final home,—

4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love :
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

35.

Message of Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

36.

God in Covenant.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love;
 Jehovah, Great I Am,
 By earth and heav'n confest:
 I bow, and bless the sacred name
 For ever blest.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise and seek the joys
 At his right hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;

And Him my only portion make
My shield and tow'r.

- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways.
He calls a worm his friend !
He calls himself my God !
And He shall save me to the end
'Through Jesu's blood.

- 4 He by himself hath sworn ;
I on his oath depend :
I shall on eagle's wings up-borne
To heav'n ascend.
I shall behold his face ;
I shall his pow'r adore ;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

37.

The Power of God unto Salvation.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief from all his woe ?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torments of the mind ?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our nature fit for heav'n ?
Can souls, all o'er defil'd with sin,
Make their own pow'rs and passions clean ?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings the gospel nigh ;

WORD OF GOD.

'Tis there that pow'r and glory dwell,
Which save rebellious souls from hell.

- 4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up ;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines ;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Or should blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain ;
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

ADVENT.

38.

Ministry of Christ.

- 1 **H**ARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T'enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

39.

Song of the Angels.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies !
With th' angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem !"
- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord !
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' Incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with men t'appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 5 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

ADVENT.

6 Mild he lays his glory by ;
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

40.

Epiphany.

- 1 **H**E comes ! He comes ! a radiant light
Around its beaming lustre sheds :
The shepherds, watching in the night,
With awe and wonder bow their heads.
- 2 He comes ! He comes ! the glorious Name,
The heavenly Host, with one accord,
In holy melody proclaim —
“ A present Saviour, Christ the Lord ! ”
- 3 He comes ! He comes ! His star behold,
Glitt’ring along the eastern sky ;
The Magian priests, with spice and gold,
Prostrate before the infant lie.
- 4 He comes ! He comes ! Be peace on earth ;
Ye warring nations sheath your swords !
And all adore the Saviour’s birth,
The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

41.

The Angels’ Song.

- 1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th’ angelic throng ;
For angels no such love have known
T’awake a cheerful song.

- 2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is giv'n ;
For lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n.
- 3 Justice and grace with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join
Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd
And by our lives display'd !
- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns !
And learn of the celestial choir
'Their own immortal strains !

42.

Call to Rejoicing.

- 1 **J**OY to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
Let ev'ry creature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes, to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace ;
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

43.

Jehovah Jesus.

- 1 **M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode ;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw Him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,
 Almighty Ruler of the sky,
 As when the six days' work He made,
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears
 Salvation is his dearest claim ;
 That gracious sound well-pleased he bears,
 And owns Emmanuel for his name.
- 5 As man he pities my complaint,
 His pow'r and truth are all divine ;
 He will not fail, He cannot faint,
 Salvation's sure if Christ be mine.

44.

Divine Condescension.

- 1 **P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay ;

Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our hapless grief !
He saw, and (O, amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break :
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

45.

Made of no Reputation.

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name !
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
Their great eternal King ;
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st thy glory by ;

First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

- 4 Bought with thy service, and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine :
To Thee our lives we would devote ;
To Thee our death resign.

46.

Day Spring.

- 1 **S**ONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star :
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Fear not that there hence should flow
Wars or pestilence below :
Wars it bids, and tumults, cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of peace.
- 3 Mild He shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear ;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.
- 5 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring eyesight on your eyes ;
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning-stars, again,
God descends on earth to reign !

Deigns for man His life t'employ.
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

47.

A pleasant thing to be thankful.

- 1 **S**WEETER sounds than music knows
Charin me in Immanuel's name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high !"
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
Who should louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfil ;
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak ;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

HUMILIATION OF CHRIST.

48.

Crucifixion.

- 1 **A**LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

HUMILIATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

49.

Crucifixion.

- 1 **A**ND is it thine, that gory head,
Bow'd low upon the still, cold breast ?
The King of Glory pierc'd and dead ?
Veil, timely darkness, veil the rest.
- 2 Yet gaze my soul : and deeply mourn
That e'er, in error's mazes caught,
The blood of sprinkling I could spurn,
Or harbour one self-righteous thought.
- 3 And deep, O ! deeper be my shame
That e'er, obedient to the flesh,
I did a sinful purpose frame,
And rend those purple wounds afresh.

4 Lord ! let me never strike again
 One thorn into that bleeding brow ;
 Nor, held in folly's gilded chain,
 Forget the sight I witness now.

5 And when these earthly scenes remove,
 And clouds of death around me low'r,
 Cast from that cross one look of love,
 To cheer and bless my closing hour.

50.

Crucifixion.

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest music bring,
 'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
 And Christ the man, we sing.

2 Alas ! the cruel spear
 Went deep into his side,
 And the rich flood of purple gore
 Their murd'rous weapon dy'd.

3 The waves of swelling grief
 Did o'er his bosom roll,
 And mountains of Almighty wrath
 Lay heavy on his soul.

4 Down to the shades of death
 He bow'd his awful head ;
 Yet He arose to live and reign
 When death itself is dead.

5 Now the Redeemer sits
 High on the Father's throne ;
 The Father lays his vengeance by,
 And smiles upon his Son.

51.

Gethsemane.

- 1 **D**ARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid ;
His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down ;
In agony He pray'd ;
- 2 “ Father ! remove this bitter cup,
“ If such thy sacred will ;
“ If not, content to drink it up,
“ Thy pleasure I fulfil ! ”
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner ! see
These precious drops that flow !
That heavy load He bore for thee—
For thee He lies so low !
- 4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey ;
And when temptations sore draw near,
Awake to watch and pray !

52.

Passion.

- 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power.
Your Redeemer's conflict see :
Watch with Him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away :
Learn of Him to watch and pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraign'd,
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs his soul sustained !

Shun not suffering, shame, or loss :
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete.
" It is finish'd !" hear Him cry :
Learn, O learn of Him to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom :—
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is ris'n ;—He seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

53.

Crucifixion.

1 **H**E dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Come, saints ! and drop a tear or two
For Him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree !
The Lord of Glory dies for men !
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead revives again !
The rising God forsakes the tomb !
Up to his Father's court He flies !
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies !

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns !
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains !
Say—' Live for ever, wondrous King !
' Born to redeem, and strong to save !'
Then ask, ' O death, where is thy sting ?
And where thy victory, O grave ?'

54.

Taken down from the Cross.

- 1 **H**ERE let me live, here let me die !
Then only safe when 'Thou art nigh.
Thy streaming cross, thy lowly grave,
Alone my guilty soul can save.
- 2 I'd be with those that took Thee down ;
And gently, gently lift the crown
From off thy torn and bleeding brow.
Gently ! ah, why ? Thou feel'st not now.
- 3 Yet would I tenderly explore,
If, hid beneath th' encrusted gore,
One ling'ring thorn I might remove,
And bathe the part in tears of love.
- 4 Ah, late in love ! Ah, cold in grief !
Yet would it yield me some relief
To kiss the wounds I could not heal,
And feel what now Thou dost not feel.
- 5 For ah ! I nail'd Thee to the tree :
Those livid stripes were borne for me :
The hour that brought the mortal smart
Found guilt of mine upon thy heart.

55.

"They shall look on Him whom they have pierced."

- 1 **I**S there a thing that moves and breaks
A heart as hard as stone,
Or warms a heart as cold as ice ?
'Tis Jesu's blood alone.
- 2 One drop of this can truly cheer,
And heal the wounded soul ;
What multitudes of broken hearts
This living stream makes whole !
- 3 Hark ! O my soul, what sing the choirs
Around the glorious throne !
Hark ! the slain Lamb for evermore
Sounds in the sweetest tone.
- 4 And this, while here, will we proclaim,
Cheerful in our degree ;
That thro' the all-atoning Lamb
Each soul may happy be.

56.

Crucifixion.

- 1 **L**ET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away ;
While I see Him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me.
- 2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shews my sin in all its guilt ;
Ah ! my soul, He bore thy load ;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.
- 3 Farewell, world ! thy gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding cross ;

Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee.

- 4 He has dearly bought my soul :
Lord ! accept and claim the whole :
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

57.

Crucifixion.

- 1 **M**Y sins, alas ! how foul the stains !
How deep, and O ! how wide !
O'er my polluted soul they spread,
In double crimson dy'd.
- 2 How shall I stand before that God,
In whose all-piercing sight
Some shades of darkness seem to veil
The purest sons of light.
- 3 Where shall I wash these spots away,
And make my nature clean,
Since drops of penitential grief
Are tinctur'd still with sin ?
- 4 Behold a torrent all divine
Flows from the Saviour's side,
And strangely bears a crystal stream
Amidst the purple tide.
- 5 Here will I bathe my spotted soul,
And make it pure and fair ;
Till not the eye of God discern
One foul pollution there.

58.

Sacrifice.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 'The burden 'Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on th' accursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

59.

Atonement.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

- 2 Not the labour of my hands,
Can fulfil the law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring.
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked come to Thee for dress,
Helpless look to Thee for grace :
Foul I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyestrings break in death ;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne ;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

60.

It is finished.

- 1 "'TIS finish'd," the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head ;
Come, sinners, and mark well the word ;
There view the conquests of your Lord.
- 2 Finish'd, the righteousness of grace,
Finish'd the pain that bought our peace ;
Th'accusing law cancell'd by blood,
The wrath of an offended God.
- 3 Who now shall urge a second claim ?
The law no longer can condemn,

Justice itself a friend appears,
'The prison-house deliv'rance hears.

- 4 O unbelief, injurious bar !
Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
' 'Tis finish'd,' still may answer all.

61.

The Cross.

- 1 **WE** sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, " God is love : "
He bore our sins upon the tree,
He brought us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love ;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heav'n above.

62.

Crucifixion.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

63.

Passion.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,

HUMILIATION OF CHRIST.

While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressful hour.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

64.

Lord of all.

1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesu's name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call :
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball.
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

65.

Triumph of the risen Saviour.

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, resign thy mighty prey :
See the Saviour quit the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs ! Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see Him rise ;
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
- 4 Heav'n unfolds its portals wide,
Gracious Conqueror ! thro' them ride ;
King of Glory ! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise Him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres ,
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.

66.

Song of the Redeemed.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song,
 Of Moses, and the Lamb :
 Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
 Sing of his rising pow'r :
 Sing how He intercedes above,
 For us whose sins He bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road,
 To Zion's city, sing !
 Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
 In Christ th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
 " Ye blessed children come ;"
 Soon will He call us hence away
 To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptur'd tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb !

67.

Resurrection.

- 1 **C**HRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day !
 Sons of men, and angels say,
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail ! the Resurrection—thou.

68.

Call to Praise.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
" To be exalted thus :"
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
" For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

69.

For us entered.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes :
 Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native heav'n,
 There the mighty conqu'ror waits,
 " Lift your heads, eternal gates !
 " Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 " Take the King of Glory in."
- 2 Him though highest heav'n receives,
 Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
 See, He lifts his hands above ;
 See, He shews the prints of love ;
 Hark ! his gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on his Church below :
 Still for us He intercedes,
 Prevalent his death He pleads.
- 3 Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our head to-day
 See thy faithful servants, see !
 Ever gazing up to Thee !
 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking Thee beyond the skies.
- 4 Ever upward may we move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home !
 There may we with Thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign ;

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in Thee :

70.

Crucified and Glorified.

1 **H**AIL, Thou once despised Jesus ;
Hail, Thou Galilean King !
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring ;
Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid !
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

2 Jesus hail ! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide !
All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
" Spare them yet another year ;"
Thou for saints art interceding
"Till in glory they appear !

3 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive ;—
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give !
Help, ye bright angelic Spirits,
Bring your sweetest noblest lays ,
Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
Help to chaunt Emmanuel's praise.

71.

Song of Triumph.

1 **H**ARK ! ten thousand voices cry,
" Vict'ry, vict'ry through the sky !"

- Swiftly flies the welcome sound,
Spreading rapturous joy around.
- 2 Jesus comes ! his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward ;
Angels round the victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.
- 3 O, what honours now await Him !
Friends and foes shall hear his voice ;
Tremble, tremble ye that hate Him,—
Ye who love his name rejoice.
- 4 See yon throne for Him erected—
Now the victor takes his seat ;—
Lo ! the man on earth rejected—
Angels worship at his feet.
- 5 Day and night they cry before Him,
“ Holy, holy, holy Lord ;”
All the powers of heaven adore Him,
All obey his sovereign word.

72.

Hallelujah.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee ;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore :—
Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
God Omnipotent, shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword : He speaks, 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away :
Then the end ;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

73.

The Way.

- 1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone ;
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment ;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go ; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief and burthen long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;

Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul! I am the way."

- 5 Now will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God!"

74.

Universal Praise.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown his head;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
 The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays his healing power
 Death and the curse are known no more:
 In Him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.

75.

The Lord our Righteousness.

- 1 **J**ESU, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To take my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea
" Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue ;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 4 O let the dead now hear thy voice ;
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

76.

Offices of Christ.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore ;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God !
My tongue would bless thy name ;
By Thee, the joyful news
Of our salvation came.

The joyful news of sins forgiv'n ;
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died !
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 O Thou Almighty Lord !
My conqu'ror, and my king ;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r. Behold I sit,
In willing bonds, before thy feet.

77.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jcsu's name ;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Trembling hearts, dismiss your fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,

Now from bliss no longer rove,
Come and taste redeeming love.

- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

78.

Redemption.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and pow'ful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:

O may I live to reach the place
Where I shall see Him face to face.

79.

Intercession.

- 1 O most Merciful !
O most Bountiful !
God, the Father Almighty !
By the Redeemer's
Blest intercession
Hear us, help us, when we cry.

80.

Ascension.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high !
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky ;
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay :
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
 The Lord, of glorious power possest ;
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest.

81.

At the right hand of God.

- 1 **R**EJOICE ! the Lord is King ;
 Your God and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore !
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !
- 2 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Master given :
 Lift up your heart, &c,
- 3 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow at his command,
 And fall beneath his feet :
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home.
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice !

82.

Intercession.

- 1 **T**H' atoning work is done,
 The victim's blood is shed ;
 And Jesus now is gone
 His people's cause to plead :
 He stands in heav'n, their great High Priest,
 And bears their names upon his breast.
- 2 No temple made with hands,
 His place of service is :
 In heav'n itself He stands,—
 A heav'nly priesthood his :
 In Him the shadows of the law
 Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.
- 3 And though awhile He be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
 His people look to see
 Their great High Priest again :
 In brightest glory He will come,
 And take his waiting people home.

83.

Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HE happy morn is come :
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save :
 Captivity is captive led ;
 For Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuses them,
 For whom their surety died ?

Who now shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
The glorious work is done :
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our vict'ry won :
Captivity is captive led
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

84.

Resurrection.

- 1 ' **T**HE Lord is ris'n indeed !'
And are the tidings true ?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw Him living too.
- 2 " The Lord is ris'n indeed !"
'Then justice asks no more ;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Which stood oppos'd before.
- 3 " The Lord is ris'n indeed "
Then is his work perform'd ;
The captive surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 4 " The Lord is ris'n indeed !"
Then hell has lost his prey :
With Him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 5 " The Lord is ris'n indeed !"
Attending angels hear ;

Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

- 6 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

85.

Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HE sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more ;
Adore the healer of your fears,
Your rising God adore.
- 2 The saints, when He resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race He ran,
Alone the wine press trod ;
He groans — He dies ! behold the man !
He lives ! behold the God !
- 4 In vain the watch, the stone, the seal,
Forbid the Lord to rise ;
He breaks the gates of death and hell,
And opens paradise.

86.

" He is not here."

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, art ris'n ! Thou art not here !
We turn from all below,
To seek, with Thee, a higher sphere,
Rejoicing as we go.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 If pleasure's soft and silken voice,
Fond friend, or earthly love,
Would keep us here, O guide our choice,
To seek Thee, Lord ! above.
- 3 When strife of tongues, or carking care,
Our thoughts or feelings claim,
Be this our cry, " He is not here ! "
Tow'rds heav'n be all our aim.
- 4 If any dwell on gath'ring gloom,
Or joys for ever past ;
And bid us on the mould'ring tomb
Still bind our memory fast ;—
- 5 If conscience wake the tale of sin,
To tell us heart like ours
No more may peace or solace win,
Or hope's inspiring pow'rs ;—
- 6 We'll chase the self-sought woes away ;
Each earth-born care reprove :
" He is not here," our souls shall say,
" For us He pleads above ! "

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

87.

Our bodies his Temple.

- 1 **A**ND will th' offended God again
Return and dwell with sinful men ?
Will He within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise ?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast,
All hail ! all hail ! Thou heav'nly guest ;

Lift up your heads, ye pow'rs within,
And let the King of Glory in.

- 3 Enter, with all thy heav'nly train,
Here live, and here for ever reign ;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet ;
No idol-god shall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace.

88.

For illumination.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing spirit art,
Who dost thy sev'nfold gifts impart :
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 2 Enable, with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight :
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace.
Keep far our foes ; give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.
- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One.
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song ;
“ Praise to thy eternal merit,
“ Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.”

89.

For sanctifying grace.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come !
 Let thy bright beams arise :
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith ;
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin ;
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life on every part,
 And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

90.

Spirit of love and comfort.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above !
 Our longing breasts inspire,
 With thy soft flame of heav'nly love ;
 And fan the sacred fire.
- 2 Thou comfortest the heavy heart
 By sin and sorrow prest ;

- Thou to the dead canst life impart,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Let no false comfort lift us up
To confidence that's vain ;
Nor let our faith and courage droop,
For whom the Lord was slain.
- 4 The Father sent his Son to die ;
The willing Son obey'd ;
The witness 'Thou to ratify
The purchase Christ has made.

91.

For quickening grace.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

92.

Praise for his grace.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 2 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, now like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee :
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart,—O take and seal it,—
Seal it from thy courts above.

93.

Joy, purity; and love.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.
- 2 Thou strength of his Almighty hand
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command ;

Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire :
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

- 3 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow,
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way :
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

94.

Indwelling.

- 1 **E**ARNEST of future bliss,
Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail !
Fountain of holiness,
Whose comforts never fail :
The cleansing gift on saints bestow'd,
The witness of their peace with God.
- 2 What wond'rous grace is this,
For God to dwell with men !
Through Jesus' righteousness,
His favour we regain :
And feeble worms, by nature lost,
Are temples of the Holy Ghost !
- 3 Great Comforter, descend,
In gentle breathings, down ;
Preserve us to the end,
That no man take our crown :
Our guardian still vouchsafe to be,
And ever keep us near to Thee.

95.

Comforter.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, dispel our sadness ;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night.
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness !
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
Heavenly Teacher ! guide our wand'ring steps aright.
- 2 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove ;
Make our souls thy habitation ;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.
Holy Helper ! bring us to the realms above.
- 3 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace !
Rest upon this congregation,
Great Distributor of grace.
Still be with us ! Guide and bless us all our days.

96.

Invocation.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost from heav'n descending,
Lamp of life, within us shine :
Come, and nature's darkness ending,
Shed on us the light divine.
- 2 Soother Thou of all our sadness
Ever wisest, kindest, best !
Come, with thy refreshing gladness,
Be thyself our bosom's guest.
- 3 Comfort, that from Thee we borrow,
Rests our toil, and cools our heat :

Come, and staunch each gushing sorrow
With thy solace pure and sweet.

4 Come, for nought, without thy unction,
Nought of good in man is found ;
Nought of holy sweet compunction ;
Nought that righteous is, or sound.

5 Bend what stubborn is, and charm it,
That it stony be no more ;
What within is frozen, warm it ;
What in us is lost restore.

6 Clothe us in the spotless tissue
Of Emmanuel's seamless vest :
Give salvation's joyous issue,
Give, O give us, endless rest.

97.

For renewing Grace.

1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies
Unconscious of its load !
The heart, unchang'd, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind
In paths of ruin stray ;
Reason debas'd, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise ;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live ;
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine !
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs
Almighty Lord, be thine.

98.

Pentecost.

- 1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere he breath'd
His tender last farewell :
A guide, a comforter bequeath'd
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With shelt'ring wings outspread ;
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.
- 3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest :
And whisp'ring peace, each humble heart,
He soothes to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even :
That checks each thought, that calms each fear
And speaks of heav'n.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 5 And ev'ry virtue we possess,
And ev'ry vict'ry won,
And ev'ry thought of holiness,
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see !
O make our hearts thy dwelling place,
And worthier Thee.

FALLEN NATURE.

99.

Grief at beholding transgressors.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise ;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils, which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;
The Father wounded through the Son ;
The world abus'd ; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves ;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

100.

Invitation.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
This is your accepted hour ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r :
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more !
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome !
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him :
This He gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall !
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

101.

Invitation.

- 1 **H**O! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind ;
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill a heav'nly mind :
- 2 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast ;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 3 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.
- 4 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join :
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away !

102.

Invitation.

- 1 **H**O ! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race ;)
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

- 2 Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.
- 3 See, from the rock, a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have and are behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

103.

Dead bones.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye :
See Adam's race in ruins lie :
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live ?
And can these perish'd bones revive ?
That, mighty God, to Thee is known.
That wondrous work is all thy own !
- 3 Thy messengers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain :
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death.
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice—
They move—they waken—they rejoice !

- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heav'ns, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

104.

Proffered benefits.

- 1 **O** COME, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd ;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace :
- 2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God :
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence :
- 3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart ;
The tears that tell your sins forgiv'n,
The sighs that waft your souls to heav'n.
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress ;
The unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine, meek humility ;
The wonder, " Why such love to me ? "
- 5 The o'erwhelming pow'r of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heav'n of love.

105.

All things ready.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel word !
Haste to the supper of the Lord ;

Be wise to know your gracious day ;
All things are ready ; come away.

- 2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son ;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
E'en now the stony heart to move ;
T'apply, and witness with the blood,
To wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate ;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

DUTY.

106.

Fortitude.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

107.

The example of Christ.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace, and love ?
 Such let our conversation be,
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life !
- 3 To do his heav'nly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight ;
 Humility and holy zeal.
 Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 4 But ah ! how blind ! how weak we are !
 How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 5 Thy fair example may we trace
 To teach us what we ought to be !
 Make us by thy transforming grace,
 Dear Saviour, daily more like Thee !

108.

Submission.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of good to Thee I turn :
 Thy ever-wakeful eye

DUTY.

Alone can all my wants discern ;
Thine hand alone supply.

2 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.

3 And O, by error's force subdu'd,
Since oft my stubborn will,
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill,—

4 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do Thou thy gifts apply :
Unask'd what good Thou knowest grant ;
What ill, though ask'd, deny.

109.

The heavenly race.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,

When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

110.

Patience.

- 1 **C**OMPANIONS dear, bear up awhile,
Nor faint, tho' burthen'd heavily,
Ye till a cold and stubborn soil,
Beneath a bleak and cheerless sky.
- 2 Bear up awhile ! the plant of grace,
By patient culture nurs'd, shall grow ;
The dews of heav'n, with blest increase,
Will crown the seeds of faith ye sow.
- 3 Then bear awhile the soil's delay,
The heavy hours of ling'ring care ;
The wakeful night, the weary day,
In patient hope's assurance bear :
- 4 For distant though it now appear,
The joyous gathering-in shall come ;
And all the woes ye suffer'd here,
Will but enhance the harvest-home.

111.

Patience.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, tho' bitter is the cup,
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
G

DUTY.

- 1 cheerfully would drink it up ;
That cannot harm which comes from 'Thee.
- 2 Dash it with thine unchanging love ;
Let not a drop of wrath be there ;
The saints, for ever blest above,
Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus, thine incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will,
And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod
When its severest strokes I feel.

112.

Faith.

- 1 FAITH !—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd !
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God !
- 2 Jesus it owns a king,
An all-atoning priest,
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To Him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay ;
Nor can we miss the heav'nly road
If faith direct our way.
- 5 Lord ! 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

113.

Charity.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast :
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know and tremble too ;
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings.
In the sweet realms of bliss.

114.

Christian love.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight
And so fulfil his word.
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part :
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,

DUTY.

Each can his brother's failings hide,
And shew a brother's love.

4 When love in one delightful stream
Through ev'ry bosom flows :
When union sweet and dear esteem
In ev'ry action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

115.

Repentance.

1 **I**S this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love
Whence all our blessings flow ?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind !
What strange rebellious wretches we
And God as strangely kind.

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God !
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes :
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

116.

Submission.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still ?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part He please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name !
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 6 Can I with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen or repine ?
No, gracious God ! take what Thou wilt,
'To Thee I all resign.

117.

Confessing Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of 'Thee ?

DUTY.

Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor ;
O ! may I scorn it more and more !

2 Asham'd of Jesus ! of that Friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend :
No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name !

3 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

4 Till then —nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And O ! may this my portion be,
That Saviour not asham'd of me.

118.

Christian love.

1 **L**ET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away ;
And all in Christian bonds unite
Who the same Lord obey.

- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where no discordant sounds are heard,
 But all is peace and love.

119.

Prayer for divine love.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus ! Thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love Thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart !
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Into ev'ry troubled breast !
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.
 Finish, Lord, thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be :
 Till we see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secur'd in Thee.
- 3 Come ! almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive !
 Speedily return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave !
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy boundless love.

120.

Living and dead faith.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heav'n
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
'That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r ;
'This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

121.

A clean heart.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God !
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely spilt for me !
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 A humble, broken, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,

Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd ;
And fill'd with love divine ;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine,
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

122.

Covenant engagements.

- 1 **O** HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,—
I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast.
- 4 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

DUTY.

123.

Love to God.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?
Athirst for God, I long to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me !
- 2 Stronger his love than death and hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God :
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
'Tis for thy love, O Lord, I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine !
Be mine this better part !

124.

Prayer for holiness.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light ;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee,
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out the stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as thou my Lord art clean.

- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesu, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untir'd I'd follow Thee ;
 O let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill !
- 5 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day :
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

125.

Christian armour.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on ;
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,
 With all his strength endu'd ;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul ;
 'Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
 And fortify the whole.

DUTY.

- 5 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care ;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto pray'r.
- 6 To God your ev'ry want
In instant pray'r display :
Pray always ; pray, and never faint ;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

126.

Adorning the doctrine.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour-God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

127.

Resignation.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise !

DUTY.

All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

- 2 Thou did'st form me in the womb,
Thou wilt guide me to the tomb :
All my times shall ever be,
Order'd by thy wise decree :
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief.
- 4 Times temptation's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love ;
All is fix'd—the means and end,
As shall please my heav'nly Friend.
- 5 Thee, at all times, will I bless ;
Thee, in whom I all possess,
How can I bereaved be
Since I cannot part with Thee.

128.

Prayer.

- 1 **T**HERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fix'd on seraph-throngs ;
That arm upholds the sky ;

DUTY.

That ear is fill'd with angels' songs ;
That love is thron'd on high.

4 But there's a pow'r, which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne ;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

129.

Only refuge.

1 **T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my Almighty Friend !
And can my soul from Thee depart.
On whom alone my hopes depend ?

2 Whither, ah ! whither should I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford ?

3 Eternal life thy words impart :
On these my fainting spirit lives.
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than the whole round of nature gives.

4 Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore :
Thou art my life, my joy, my care.
Depart from Thee !—'tis death ;—'tis more :
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie :
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine.
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life is thine.

130.

Seeking the Pasture.

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above
 All earthly joy, and earthly love ;
 Tell me, dear shepherd, let me know,
 Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow ?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
 That from the sun defends thy flock ?
 Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
 Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
 That turns aside to paths unknown ?
 My constant feet would never rove,
 Would never seek another love.
- 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see ;
 Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;
 A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
 Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh He makes my food,
 And bids me drink his richest blood :
 Here to these hills my soul would come,
 Till my beloved leads me home.

131.

Prayer.

- 1 **W**HAT various hind'rances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat !

DUTY.

- Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent ;
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

CONFLICT.

132.

Confidence in God.

- 1 **B** ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart,
Great God, to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

133.

Litany.

- 1 **B**Y thy birth and early years ;
 By thy human griefs and fears ;
 By thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness ;
 By thy vict'ry in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power—
 Jesus ! look with pitying eye,
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By the sympathy that wept
 O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept
 By thy bitter tears that flow'd
 Over Salem's lost abode ;
 By the troubled sigh that told
 'Treason lurk'd within thy fold—
 Jesus ! look with pitying eye,
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By thy deep expiring groan ;
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone ;
 By thy triumph o'er the grave ;
 By thy pow'r from death to save—

CONFLICT.

Mighty God ! ascended Lord !
To thy throne in heav'n restor'd !
Prince and Saviour ! hear the cry
Of our solemn litany.

134.

A cry for light in darkness.

- 1 **C**HRIST whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy divine !
Scatter all my unbelief :
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

135.

Dejection.

- 1 **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal,
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
'Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast Thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?
- 6 The ear of grace is open still,
To ev'ry mourner's pray'r,
With humble hope I wait thy will
And breathe my sorrows there.

136.

Dejection.

- 1 **D**EPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserv'd for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
Whence to me this waste of love ?
Ask my Advocate above.
See the cause in Jesus' face
Now before the throne of grace.

2 Jesus speaks and pleads his blood,
 Christ disarms the wrath of God.
 Now my Father's bowels move ;
 Justice lingers into love.
 Kindled his relentings are ;
 Me He now delights to spare :
 Cries, " how shall I give thee up ?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

3 Jesus ! answer from above,
 Is not all thy nature love ?
 Pity from thine eye let fall ;
 By a look my soul recall.
 Now incline me to repent :
 Let me now my fall lament ;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

137.

The wilderness.

1 **F**ROM Egypt lately freed,
 By the Redeemer's grace,
 A rough and thorny path we tread,
 In hope to see his face.

2 The flesh dislikes the way,
 But faith approves it well ;
 This only leads to endless day,
 All others lead to hell.

3 The promis'd land of peace
 Faith keeps in constant view ;
 How different from the wilderness
 We now are passing through !

- 4 Here, often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine ;
There, we shall have unclouded skies ;
Our sun will always shine.
- 5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears distress us sore ;
But there, eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.
- 6 Lord, pardon our complaints,
We follow at thy call ;
The joy prepar'd for suff'ring saints
Will make amends for all.

138.

The Mourner's Plea.

- 1 **G**OD of my life ! to Thee I call—
Afflicted at thy feet I fall.
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with 'Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;
I have an advocate with Thee.
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

- 5 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

139.

Pilgrim's Prayer.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.
Strong Deliv'rer !
By thy heav'nly grace I stand.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.
Bread of heaven !
Still my fainting strength renew.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling waters—
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises !
“ Worthy is the Lamb that died.”

140.

Thirsting for God.

- 1 **I** THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share ;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel ! all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
 First wean'd my soul from earthly things ;
 And taught me to esteem as dross,
 The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from Thee,
 That quickens all things where it flows,
 And makes a wretched thorn like me,
 Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.
- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown !
 No longer sink below the brim ;
 But overflow, and pour me down
 A living and life-giving stream !
- 5 For sure, of all the plants that share
 The notice of thy Father's eye,
 None proves less grateful to his care,
 Or yields Him meaner fruit, than I.

141.

The Refuge.

- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me.

CONFLICT.

All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
'Thou of life the fountain art :
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity.

142.

“ Loose him and let him go.”

- 1 **L**OOSE me, and from each wilful bent,
My Saviour ! let me go ;
To learn thy will my fix'd intent,
And practise what I know.
- 2 Loose me, and let me go from pride ;
That all self-righteous trust,
Before the cross of Him that died,
May crumble into dust.
- 3 “ Loose him ” O ! let that sound be heard
Till my last-fleeting breath !
From doubts that dare not trust thy word,
And gloomy fears of death.
- 4 Speak, Lord ! that all my soul may hear,
Quickened in ev'ry part :
Startle to life, and love, and fear,
The deadness of my heart.

- 5 So, when I close these mortal eyes
 On sorrow, sin, and pain,
 My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise
 When Thou shalt speak again.

143.

A cry for Divine Light.

- 1 **L**ORD, we sit and cry to Thee,
 Like the blind beside the way ;
 Make our darken'd souls to see,
 The glory of thy perfect day !
 Lord, rebuke our inward night,
 And give Thyself unto our sight !
- 2 Lord, we do not ask to gaze,
 On our dim and earthly sun,
 But the light that still shall blaze,
 When ev'ry star its course hath run,
 'The light that gilds thy blest abode,
 'The glory of the Lamb of God !

144.

Pilgrim's Wish.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame !
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and his word.

- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame :
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

145.

Insensibility.

- 1 **O** FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn stone away ;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
The sea can roar ; the mountains shake ;
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this obdurate heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows Thou has felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt :
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear,
 (Amazing thought!) which devils fear :
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
 To stir this torpid heart of mine.
- 5 But something, Lord, may yet succeed ;
 That something, O how much I need !
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

146.

Seeking.

- 1 **O** GOD ! my heart within me faints,
 And pours in sighs her deep complaints ;
 Yet many a thought shall linger still,
 By Carmel's height and Tabor's rill,
 The Olive mount my Saviour trod,
 The rocks that saw and own'd their God.
- 2 The morning beam that wakes the skies,
 Shall see my matin incense rise ;
 The evening seraphs as they rove,
 Shall catch the notes of joy and love ;
 And sullen night with drowsy ear,
 The still repeated anthem hear.
- 3 My soul shall cry to Thee, O Lord,
 To Thee, Supreme Incarnate Word,
 My rock and fortress, shield and friend,
 Creator, Saviour, source and end ;
 And thou wilt hear thy servant's pray'r,
 Though death and darkness speak despair.
- 4 Ah ! why, by passing clouds oppress'd,
 Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast ?

'Turn, turn to Him, in ev'ry pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain;
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

147.

Trust.

- 1 **O** HAPPY they who know the Lord :
With whom He deigns to dwell ;
He feeds and cheers them with his word,
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near ;
And when they plead his love and pow'r,
He stands engag'd to hear.
- 3 His presence sweetens all our cares.
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 4 Lord ! we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine ;
But give us still to find Thee near,
And own us still for thine.
- 5 Let us enjoy and highly prize,
These tokens of thy love ;
Till Thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship Thee above.

148.

The wish of the Penitent.

- 1 **O** THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,

And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart.

- 2 A heart with grief opprest,
At having griev'd my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire,
With true sincerity of woe,
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down,
Strike, with thy love's effectual stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

149.

Lord remember me.

- 1 **O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.
- 4 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;

CONFLICT.

All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
So Thou remember me.

- 5 When in the solemn hour of death !
I wait thy just decree ;
Be this the pray'r of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me !

150.

Divine Sympathy.

- 1 **O** ZION ! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save ;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm ;
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends ;
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.
- 3 O fearful ! O faithless ! in mercy He cries,
My promise, my truth—are they light in thine eyes ?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand ;
Through tempests and tossing I'll bring thee to
land.
- 4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot ; thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain ;
The palms of my hands, whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I receiv'd when suff'ring for thee.
- 5 I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me—my flesh and my bones ;
In all thy distresses, thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful ; not one is in vain.

- 6 Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is secure ;
 My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r ;
 In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
 To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.
- 7 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
 The helpless, the hopeless—I hear their sad pray'r ;
 From all their affliction my glory shall spring,
 And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll
 sing.

151.

Pilgrim's song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heaven, thy native place :
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove :
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above !
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run, .
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon your Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :

CONFLICT.

Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n ;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heav'n !

152.

Contrition.

- 1 **S**HEW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes, tho' great, do not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace ;
Great God ! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

153.

Peace, be still.

- 1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wint'ry sky :

Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm ;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Controul the waves, say " Peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
Attend the foll'wers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Tho' tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

154.

Holy Solitude.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee if I could ;

CONFLICT

But often feel another mind,
Averse from all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of pray'r ;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice, or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

155.

Holy Solitude.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove :
Ev'ry trifle give me pain
If I knew a Saviour's love ?

3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall, :
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

- 4 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
 Thou who art thy people's sun ;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
- 5 Let me love Thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray ;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

156.

Welcome Cross.

- 1 **T**HIS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss :
 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :
 Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way ;
 Might I not with reason fear
 I should prove a cast-away ;

Aliens may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
 But the true-born child of God,
 Must not, would not, if he might.

157.

Pilgrimage.

- 1 “ **W**E’VE no abiding city here ;”
 This may distress the worldly mind ;
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 “ We’ve no abiding city here ;”
 Sad truth, were this to be our home :
 But let this truth our spirits cheer,
 “ We seek a city yet to come.”
- 3 “ We’ve no abiding city here ;”
 Then let us live as pilgrims do :
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 “ We’ve no abiding city here ;”
 We seek a city out of sight :
 Zion its name,—the Lord is there :
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O ! sweet abode of peace and love
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest ;
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I’d fly to thee and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine :
 The time my God appoints is best.
 While here, to do his will be mine ;
 And his to fix my time of rest.

158.

God is Love.

- 1 **W**ITH doubts, and cares, and fears opprest,
Man's wayward thoughts desponding rove;
Where shall the troubled soul find rest?
O fly to God, for God is Love.
- 2 When bow'd beneath afflictions, sent
Thy frequent wand'rings to reprove,
Hail them as heaven's kind mercies, meant
For thy soul's good, for God is Love.
- 3 When sinful pangs thy soul annoy,
With tears and pray'rs God's mercy prove;
From Him seek pardon, peace, and joy,—
Seek, thou shalt find, for God is Love.
- 4 In Jesus, hear his mercy speak:
Hear Him who reigns in heav'n above,
From heav'n He came, the lost to seek;
Jesus is God, and God is Love.
- 5 Trust, trust in Him; for thee He died;
By works of love thy faith approve;
So shall thy soul in peace abide,
And know, and feel that God is Love.
- 6 Thus may I live, thus let me die,
That when the summons calls "remove,"
My soul redeem'd to heav'n may fly,
To sing with saints, our God is Love.

159.

Trust.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:

CONFLICT.

Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine :
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control :
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee :
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

COMFORT.

160.

Trust.

1 **B**EGONE unbelief ! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear :
By pray'r let me wrestle, and He will perform :
With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm.

- 2 Tho' dark be my way, since He is my guide ;
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ? He told me no less :
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- 4 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive.
Which He drank quite up, that sinners might live !
His way was much rougher and darker than mine,
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?
- 5 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long ;
And then, oh ! how pleasant, the conqueror's song !

161.

Joyful expectation.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King !
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now,—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd ;
There your kingdom and reward.

- 4 Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord ! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee !

162.

Heaven begun.

- 1 COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 3 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.
- 5 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
'There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

163.

Lovest thou me.

- 1 **D**O not I love Thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see :
And cast each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love ;
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When Thou shalt fail to move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 4 Thou know'st I love Thee, gracious Lord ;
But O ! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

164.

Triumphs of Faith.

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares :
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares :—
- 2 Faith mortifies the deeds of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

COMFORT.

- 3 Faith draws aside the veil of heav'n,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain :—
- 4 Faith holds to view the promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hopes to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 5 There, there, unshaken would I rest
Till this vile body dies ;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise !

165.

Peace.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.
- 4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour, Thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
 A boundless, endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above
 When time shall be no more.

166.

Strength perfected in weakness.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,
 My soul on Thee depends,
 Convinc'd that ev'ry perfect gift
 From Thee alone descends.
 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
 And pow'r and wisdom too,
 Without the Spirit of thy Son
 We nothing good can do.
- 2 How empty, then, the former boast,
 The impotence of pride,
 When in ourselves we put our trust,
 And on our works relied !
 Strong in our liberty of will,
 Our nature's noble pow'rs,
 We vow'd to scale the heav'nly hill,
 And seize the crown as our's.
- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
 Our good is all divine,
 The praise of ev'ry virtuous thought,
 Or righteous work is thine :

COMFORT.

'Tis not of him that wills or runs,
That labours or desires :
In answer to my Saviour's groans,
Thy love my breast inspires.

167.

Contentment.

- 1 **F**ATHER whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at the throne of grace
Let this petition rise.
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that 'Thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

168.

Praise for divine Grace.

- 1 **G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear !
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
 To tread the heav'nly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Thro' everlasting days ;
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone
 And well deserves the praise.

169.

Unchanging love.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
 " Say poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?"
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care
 Cease, towards the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above :
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of my throne shalt be,
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?"

- 6 Lord ! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
Oh ! for grace to love Thee more !

170.

The name of Jesus.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast :
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build ;
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend !
My Prophet, Priest, and King !
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End !
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

171.

Tell me, I pray Thee, thy name.

- 1 **I** KNOW Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend :
 Nor wilt Thou from my soul depart,
 But stay and love me to the end :
 Thy mercies never shall remove ;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 2 The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath ris'n, with healing on his wings ;
 Wither'd my nature's strength ; from Thee
 My soul its life and succour brings :
 My help is all laid up above ;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 3 Faint as I am, I take the prey ;
 Hell, earth and sin with ease o'ercome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;
 Through all eternity to prove,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

172.

Rejoicing in hope.

- 1 **I**MMOVEABLE our hope remains,
 Within the veil our anchor lies ;
 Jesus, who wash'd us from our stains,
 Shall bear us safely to the skies,
- 2 Strong in his strength, we boldly say,
 For us Immanuel shed his blood,
 Who then shall tear our shield away,
 Or part us from the love of God ?

- 3 Shall tribulation, or distress,
Or persecution's fiery sword ?
Can Satan rob us of our peace,
Or prove too mighty for the Lord ?
- 4 Founded on Christ, secure we stand,
Seal'd with his Spirit's inward seal ;
We soon shall gain the promis'd land,
Triumphant o'er the pow'rs of hell.
- 5 The winds may roar, the floods beset,
And rain, impetuous, descend ;
Yet will He not his own forget,
But love, and save them, to the end,

173.

The sweet singer of Israel.

- 1 **J**ESSE'S Son awakes the lyre,
Listen while the Psalmist sings ;
His the Spirit's sacred fire,
All his theme, the King of Kings.
- 2 Others sing of worldly things.
Themes like these to men belong ;
But when Israel's Psalmist sings,
Sacred themes inspire his song.
- 3 Listen, listen while he sings,
Jesus is his glorious theme ;
Jesus is the King of Kings,
'Tis his joy to sing of Him.
- 4 How should we delight to hear
Strains that hope and love impart ?
Strains of joy for mortal ear,
Strains that captivate the heart.

- 5 Son of Jesse, sound the lyre,
 Bear our willing souls along ;
 'Thine the prophets' holy fire,
 'Thine his theme, and thine his song.

174.

Trust.

- 1 **J**ESU ! at thy command
 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all to sleep.
 For Thee I fain would all resign
 And sail to heav'n with Thee and thine.
- 2 What though the seas are broad,
 What though the waves are strong :
 What though tempestuous winds
 Distress me all along.
 Yet what are seas and stormy wind
 If Christ be mine, the sinner's Friend ?
- 3 Christ is my pilot wise ;
 My compass is his word ;
 My soul each storm defies
 While I have such a Lord.
 I trust his faithfulness and pow'r,
 To save me in the dying hour.
- 4 By faith, I see the land,
 'The hav'n of endless rest :
 My soul thy wings expand,
 And fly to Jesu's breast ;
 O ! may I reach the heav'nly shore,
 Where winds and seas distress no more.

175.

Love of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise :
Jesus, the angel's sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies !
- 2 Jesus, and didst Thou leave the sky,
For miseries and woes ?
And didst 'Thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile, rebellious foes ?
- 3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine controul ?
Descend, O sov'reign Love, descend
And melt that stubborn soul.
- 4 O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;
Glad captives of resistless grace
Thy pleasing rule obey.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more :
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heav'n and earth adore.

176.

Spiritual Joy.

- 1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known ;
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine ;
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable ! divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

177.

To be with Christ.

- 1 **L**ET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest ;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.
- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveil'd glory to behold ;
Then only will this wand'ring heart
Cease to be false to Thee, and cold.
- 3 Let me be with 'Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore ;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil, and defil'd no more.

COMFORT.

- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove ;
There neither life nor death can part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

178.

" I am thy Salvation."

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers, " I am his."
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
'To be with Christ, my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

179.

Happiness.

- 1 **O**BJECT of my first desire,
Jesus ! crucified for me,

All to happiness aspire
 Only to be found in Thee
 Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
 Constitute my bliss below ;
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Constitute my bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence Thou deny ;
 Lord, if Thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die.
 Source and giver of repose,
 Singly from thy smile it flows :
 Peace and happiness are thine ;
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

3 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
 Ev'ry object teems with joy :
 Here O may I walk with Thee,
 Then into thy presence die !
 Let me but Thyself possess,
 Total sum of happiness ;
 Real bliss I then shall prove,
 Heav'n below, and heav'n above.

180.

The True Friend.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end ;
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love !

- 2 Could we bear from one another,
 What He daily bears from us ?
 Yet this glorious friend and brother
 Loves us though we treat Him thus :
 Though for good we render ill,
 He accounts us brethren still.
- 3 O for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas ! forget too often,
 What a friend we have above ;
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.

181.

Light for the Righteous.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord, who rises
 With healing on his wings.
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let th' unknown to-morrow ;
 Bring with it what it may.
- 2 It can bring with it nothing
 But He will bear us through
 Who gives the lilies' clothing,
 Will clothe his people too.
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;
 And He who feeds the ravens,
 Will give his children bread.
- 3 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear :

Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice
 For while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

182.

The Fountain opened.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there have I as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away !
- 3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save ;
 When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

183.

The High Priest.

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view
 And days are dark and friends are few,
 I turn to Him, who not in vain
 Experienc'd ev'ry human pain;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the ill I would not do :
 Yet He, who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismay'd my spirit dies ;
 Yet He who deign'd on earth to bear
 The sick'ning anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 And O, when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, Lord, unchanging watch beside
 My dying bed—for Thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of endless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

184.

Assurance.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,

- I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home
My God, my heav'n, my all ;
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

185.

Consolation in Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
- 3 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;

COMFORT.

Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

- 5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from 'Thee !

186.

Triumph of Faith.

- 1 **Y**ES ! God himself hath sworn ;
I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend.
I shall behold his face ;
I shall his pow'r adore ;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.
- 2 He keeps his own secure ;
He guards them by his side ;
Arrays in garments, white and pure,
His spotless bride :
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise
He still supplies.
- 3 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand ;
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land :
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wond'rous name.

187.

Death approaching.

- 1 **A** WAKE my soul, nor slumb'ring lie
Amid the gloomy haunts of death ;
Perhaps the destin'd hour is nigh,
Commission'd for thy parting breath.
- 2 That awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 3 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
And none resist the fatal dart :
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to reach my heart ?
- 4 Lord of my life, my heart inspire
With heav'nly ardour, grace divine ;
Nor let thy presence e'er retire,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.
- 5 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve ;
And while my days are short'ning still,
Prepare me for the joys above.

188.

Our friend sleepeth.

- 1 **C**OME death ! releas'd from dread,
Thy form would I survey,
And sing His glorious name
Who took thy sting away.

DEATH.

- 2 'Twas Jesus, Prince of Life,
Enter'd thy dark domains ;
He slept in thy embrace,
But broke thine iron chains.
- 3 Though rough the path appears,
And toils the day employ,
The ev'ning shades come on,
The time of rest is nigh.
- 4 This garment of the flesh
My soul shall soon lay down,
And wing her joyful way
To bow before the throne.
- 5 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day,
Then shall I wake from sleep
And leave my bed of clay.
- 6 Then welcome, harmless grave !
By thee to heav'n I go,
Emmanuel's death shall save
My all from hell below.

189.

The dying believer.

- 1 **D**EATHLESS principle arise !
Soar, thou native of the skies !
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought ;
Go, to shine before his throne—
Deck his mediatorial crown !
Go, his triumphs to adorn—
Made for God, to God return.

- 2 Lo, He beckons from on high !
 Fearless to his presence fly—
 Thine the merit of his blood,
 Thine the righteousness of God !
 Shudder not to pass the stream :
 Venture all thy care on Him :
 Not one object of his care
 Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.
- 3 Is thy earthly house distress ?
 Willing to retain its guest ?
 'Tis not thou, but it, must die—
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly !
 Burst thy shackles—drop thy clay—
 Sweetly breathe thyself away—
 Singing, to thy crown remove—
 Swift of wing, and fir'd with love !

190.

" Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
 For all the pious dead ;
 Sweet is the savour of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd ;
 How kind their slumbers are ;
 From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
 And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord ;
 The labours of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

DEATH

191.

Faith's triumph.

- 1 **I** KNOW my dear Redeemer lives ;
(This thought transporting pleasure gives !)
And, standing at the latter day
On earth, his glories will display.
- 2 And though this goodly, mortal frame,
Sink to the dust, from whence it came ;
Though buried in the silent tomb,
Worms shall my skin and flesh consume ;
- 3 Yet, on that happy rising morn,
New life this body shall adorn ;
These active pow'rs refin'd shall be,
And God, my Saviour, I shall see.
- 4 Though perish'd all my cold remains,
Though all consum'd my heart and reins,
Yet, for myself, my wond'ring eyes
God shall behold, with glad surprise.

192.

The pious dead.

- 1 **I**N vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
'The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say "they're gone !"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace her in her flight :
 No eye can pierce within the veil,
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 They are completely blest
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
 His face they always view ;
 Lord ! may we foll'wers be of them,
 That we may praise 'Thee too.

193.

The invisible state.

- 1 **O** THE hour when this material
 Shall have vanish'd as a cloud :
 When amid the wide ethereal
 All th' invisible shall crowd ;
 And the naked soul surrounded,
 With realities unknown,
 Triumph in the view unbounded,
 Feel herself with God alone.
- 2 In that sudden strange transition,
 By what new and finer sense
 Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
 And receive its influence ?
 Angels, guard the new immortal
 Through the wonder-teeming space,
 To the everlasting portal,
 To the spirit's resting place.

DEATH.

- 3 Can I trust a fellow being ?
Can I trust an angel's care ?
O Thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there ?
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod !
Thou the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God.

194.

Happy death of the righteous.

- 1 **T**HE righteous souls that take their flight
Far from this world of pain,
In God's paternal bosom blest
For ever shall remain.
- 2 To minds unwise they seem to die ;
All joyful hope to cease ;
Yet they, secur'd by Jesus, live
In everlasting peace :
- 3 And at the great, the awful day,
When Christ descends from high,
With myriads of triumphant saints,
He'll own them in the sky.
- 4 Then He, their Judge, their mighty Lord,
Displays redeeming grace,
And calls them ever to behold
The brightness of his face.

195.

Burial of the righteous.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move ?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
Detain'd from those we love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soft'ned ev'ry bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head ?

5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way :
Up to the Lord we too shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise :
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

196.

"Thou art with me."

1 **W**HY should we start and fear to die ?
What um'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

DEATH.

- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste ;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his love I lean my head,
And breathe my soul out sweetly there.

197.

" The earthly house of this tabernacle."

- 1 **W**ITH solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled ;
I gaze on the beautiful clay,
And long to lie there in his stead.
How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind ;
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind.
- 2 This frame is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
The war in the members is o'er ;
And never shall vex him again ;
No anger, henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay :
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

DEATH.

- 3 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet, immoveable breast,
Is heav'd by affliction no more :
To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.

JUDGMENT.

198.

"The Lord shall descend from heaven."

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n before his face
Astonish'd shrink away ?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark from the Gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled ;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

JUDGMENT.

199.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds."

- 1 **G**REAT God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created ;
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated ;
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before :
Prepare my soul to meet Him.

200.

The judgment seat.

- 1 **H**E comes ! He comes ! the Judge severe !
The seventh trumpet speaks Him near :
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll :
How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound :
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd,
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his glorious throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own :
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail Him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all ye people of the sky,
And all ye saints of God Most High !
Jesus, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns !

201.

Signs and wonders.

- 1 **I**N the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs, and wonders there shall be !

Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests rise,
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt, and restless fear ;
And, amid the thunder cloud,
Shall the Judge of man appear !

4 But, though from that awful face
Heav'n shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

202.

The last day.

1 **L**O ! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain !
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train ;
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! Amen.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away ;

All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 'Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!'

4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!

5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

203.

Remembering the solemn account.

1 **O** GOD, mine inmost soul subdue,
 And deeply on my thoughtful view
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When Thou with clouds shall come,
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom?

- 3 Be this my one great business here,
 With godly jealousy and fear
 Eternal bliss t'ensure ;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

204.

Confidence of the Saints.

- 1 **S**TAND the omnipotent decree ;
 Jehovah's will be done !
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan.
- 2 Nothing hath the just to lose
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd ;
 Far beneath his feet he views
 With smiles the flaming void.

205.

The day of wrath.

- 1 **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinners stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heav'ns together roll ;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !
- 3 O ! on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou the trembling sinners stay,
 Though heav'n and earth shall pass away !

206.

The Bridegroom cometh.

1 **Y**E virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead, awake,
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take;
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold the heav'nly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, He comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are
 Make ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet Him in the sky,
 Your everlasting friend;
 Your Head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend;
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound
 To see our Lord appear
 May we be watching found;
 Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

HEAVEN.

207.

Militant and Triumphant.

1 **C**OME, let us join our friends above
 Who have obtain'd the prize,

And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

- 2 The saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make;
Join'd to their Lord in bands of love
All of his grace partake.
- 3 One family we dwell in Him
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide!
Then when the word is giv'n,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heav'n.

208.

"What are these? and whence came they?"

- 1 **E**XALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wond'ring soul says, "Who are they?"
- 2 These are the saints belov'd of God,
Wash'd are their robes in Jesus' blood
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.
- 3 Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame;
Within the living temple bless'd,
In God they dwell, on Him they rest.

- 4 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain ;
To wells of living water led,
By God the Lamb for ever fed.
- 5 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme,
They sing the wonders of his name ;
They give Him glory, and again
Repeat the long, the loud Amen.

209.

The city had no need of the Sun.

- 1 **F**AREWELL thou vase of splendour !
I need thy light no more ;
No brilliance canst thou render
The world to which I soar ;
- 2 Nor sun nor moon-beam brightens
Those regions with a ray ;
But God himself enlightens
Their one eternal day.
- 3 Farewell, sweet nature, waving
With fruits and flowrets fair ;
Of thee but little craving
Thy joys I well may spare :
- 4 The world where I am going
Has fairer fruits than thine ;
Life-rivers ever flowing,
And skies that ever shine.
- 5 The love that seems forsaken
When friends in death depart,
In heav'n again shall waken
And re-possess the heart.

- 6 The harps of heav'n steal o'er me
 I see the jasper wall ;
 Jesus, who pass'd before me,
 And God the judge of all.

210.

The heavenly Canaan.

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound
 We haste with songs of joy ;
 Where peace and liberty are found
 And sweets that never cloy.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.
- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,
 And every conflict's o'er ;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.
- 4 There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptur'd myriads sing ;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God himself is King.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

- 5 We soon shall join the throng ;
 Their pleasures we shall share ;
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransom'd there.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

211.

" The Spirits of just men made perfect."

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 Their couch was wet with tears ;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came,—
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod,
 His zeal inspir'd their breast ;
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
 For his own pattern giv'n,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Shew the same path to heav'n.

212.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths have no end ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know.
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

213.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;

HEAVEN.

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green.
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes !

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

214.

The world of joy.

1 **W**HAT is life ? 'Tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is like a dying taper,
O my soul, why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings and fly,
Straight to yonder world of joy.

- 2 See that glory, how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints,
'There in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of Saints :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love,
Through the heav'ns his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go ; and share his people's glory,
Midst the ransom'd crowd appear ;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

215.

Joyful Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O bless'd abode !
I shall be near and like my God !

HEAVEN.

And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul,

- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

216.

To depart and be with Christ.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
It faints my much lov'd Lord to see:
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
'Tis better, better to depart.
- 3 That blissful interview, how sweet;
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd at his word to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace.
- 4 As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing with unwearied hands
A present Saviour's high commands!
- 5 Yet with this prospect full in sight,
I wait his signal for my flight;
For 'tis a heav'n begun to know,
To love, and serve my Lord below.

217.

I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

- 1 **W**HY those fears ? behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship :
Spread the sails and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us, through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone ;
And with Jesus
'Through the trackless deep move on.
- 3 Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
Led by that, the storms defy ;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
Waves obey him
And the storms before him fly.
- 4 O ! what pleasures there await us,
There the tempests cease to roar ;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more :
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

218.

The Lamb is the Light thereof

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light ;

HEAVEN.

- Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye, stars, are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the myriads of his saints
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

219.

To be with Christ.

- 1 **Y**ES ! to depart : 'tis better far :
I would not, 'mid this ceaseless jar
Of care and strife, still linger on :
Come, Saviour ! quickly come : I burn
To hear that welcome word "return,"
And from my prison to be gone.

HEAVEN.

- 2 Yet, yet I bow ! Thy wise behest
Hath fix'd the hour Thou deemest best ;
And patient let me wear my chains,
And meet with calm, tho' tearful, eye
The sorrows of mortality,
What time thy sov'reign will ordains.
- 3 Nor would I, with insensate soul,
Forget the goodly streams that roll
And sparkle in the wilderness ;
Nor fail to own around, above,
The voice, the hand, the smile of love,
That deigns my saddest hours to bless.
- 4 But O ! what tongue can tell the bliss,
To see my Saviour as He is,
And bear an image like his own !
Whose love shall staunch the streaming eye,
Whose presence ev'ry wish supply,
Where sin and sorrow are unknown.

SABBATH.

220.

Sabbath morning.

- 1 **A** GAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah
blest ;
When like his own, He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and as we learn obey ;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share.
And join in penitence, and join in pray'r.

- 3 So shall the God of mercy pleas'd receive
The only tribute man has pow'r to give ;
So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in songs of praise.
- 4 Father of heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide :
In life our guardian, and in death our friend ;
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

221.

Day of rest.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away :
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

222.

First day of the week.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints awake !
And hail the sacred day :

In loftiest songs of praise
 Your joyful homage pay ;
 Come bless the day that God hath blest,
 The type of heav'n's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose ;
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquish'd all our foes ;
 And now He pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord :
 Heav'n with hosannas rings ;
 And earth in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings ;
 Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain
 Through endless years to live and reign.

223.

Spiritual refreshment.

1 **B**LEST Jesus, source of grace divine,
 What soul-refreshing streams are thine !
 O bring these healing waters nigh ;
 Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,
 'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
 More eager longs for cooling rain,
 Or pants the living springs to gain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
 Spring up, celestial fountain, spring ;
 To a redundant river flow,
 And cheer this thirsty land below.

- 4 May these blest waters near my side
Through all the desert gently glide ;
Then in Emmanuel's land above
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

224.

Zion's Glory.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint when such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood ;
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis his love his people raises,
Over self to reign as kings ;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each, for a thank-off'ring, brings.

225.

Waiting.

- 1 **H**EAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch ;
Deep wounded souls to Thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from Thee, Lord !
- 3 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief ;
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears he cry’d,
“ O help my unbelief.”
- 4 She too, who touch’d Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer’d, “ Daughter, go in peace,”
“ Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come,
To touch Thee, if we may ;
O ! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal’d away.

226.

Hosanna.

- 1 **H**OSANNA ! to the living Lord !
Hosanna ! to th’ incarnate word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King.
Let earth, let heav’n, hosanna sing !
Hosanna ! Lord ! hosanna in the highest !

- 2 O Saviour ! with protecting care,
Return to this thine house of pray'r !
Assembled in thy sacred name
Where we thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna ! Lord ! hosanna in the highest !
- 3 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest—
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.
Hosanna ! Lord ! hosanna in the highest !
- 4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heav'n shall melt away,
'Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again ;
Hosanna ! Lord ! hosanna in the highest !

227.

The world shut out.

- 1 **H**OW welcome to the saints, when press'd
With six day's noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile !
- 2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
'They seem to breathe a diff'rent air ;
Compos'd and soften'd by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
- 3 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they the Saviour oft have met ;
And, while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

- 4 This highly favour'd lot is ours ;
 May we the privilege improve,
 And find these consecrated hours
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.
- 5 We thank Thee for thy day, O Lord ;
 Here we thy promis'd presence seek ;
 Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd,
 And give us manna for the week.

228.

" There am I in the midst of them."

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy seat,
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
 And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
 Inhabitest the humble mind,
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear :
 O rend the heav'ns ! come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own.

229.

House of prayer.

- 1 LORD, in thy earthly courts we meet
 L To bow and worship at thy feet ;

SABBATH.

And, for thy mercies past, to raise
Our tribute of unfeigned praise.

- 2 Whene'er, assembled here below,
We come, with rev'rent hearts, to shew
Thy wonders of redeeming love,
O listen from thy courts above !
- 3 And touch the preacher's lips with fire,
As here our waiting souls desire ;
The guidance of thy holy word,
Nor let us hear in vain, O Lord.
- 4 Whene'er we seek a Father's face,
And, suppliant at thy throne of grace,
Prest with a thousand wants we plead,
O hear us in our hour of need.
- 5 And tho' the glories of thy train,
The heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain,
Arise into thy resting place,
And dwell within us by thy grace.

230.

Heavenly Sabbath.

- 1 **L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house :
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love :
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place ;

No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cries to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day ! begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

231.

Service of the heart.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise ;
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.
- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

232.

Eve of the Sabbath.

1 SAFELY through another week,
 S God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On th' approaching Sabbath-day :
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near !
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear !
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

3 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints :
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 'Till we join the church above.

233.

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 S Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 2 Truly blessed, on this fashion,
 Low before his cross to lie,
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye :
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze :
 Love I much ? I've more forgiven,
 By a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go,
 Prove his blood each day more healing,
 And Himself more fully know.

234.

The Sabbath a delight.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
 To shew thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

- 4 But I shall share a glorious part
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below :
 And every pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

235.

Day of rest.

- 1 **W**ELCOME sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise !
 Welcome to this reviving breast
 And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day ;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
 Where Thou, my Lord, hast been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
 Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

236.

"Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound."

- 1 **Y**E that in his courts are found,
 List'ning to the joyful sound,

Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
 View his bloody sacrifice :
 See in Him your sins forgiv'n,
 Pardon, holiness, and heav'n !
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

237.

" Do this in remembrance of me."

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord ;
 I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heav'n shall be :
 Thy sacramental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
 I must remember Thee.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

238.

Strengthening and refreshing.

- 1 **J**ESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board !
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food He gives his flesh :
He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favour ! Matchless grace
Of our descending God.
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.
- 4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And every voice be praise.

239.

Eucharist.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread ?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?

Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes !
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

3 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd,
With hearts inflam'd let all attend ;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The profit or the pleasure end.

240.

" Lamb of God ! have mercy upon us."

1 **T**HOU Lamb of God ! for sinners slain,
Whose blood takes all our guilt away ;
To Thee we raise the grateful strain ;
To Thee our humblest homage pay !

2 O let us, kneeling at thy cross,
Wash in thy blood each guilty stain,
And count all earthly things but loss,
So we may Thee, our Saviour, gain.

3 Lord, grant that we may daily die
To sin, and own its pow'r no more ;
Grant us to live with Thee on high,
And still thy wondrous love adore.

241.

"By thine agony and bloody sweat."

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb of God ! whose bleeding love
We thus recall to mind :
O send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
- 2 By all thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
And by thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away.
- 3 O let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal !
And speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal.
- 4 O by thy passion on the tree,
Bid grief and trouble cease !
Saviour ! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

242.

The Christian Passover.

- 1 **T**HOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of Gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character ;
To guard and feed thy chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by thy light ;

Be Thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

- 4 Our fainting souls sustain,
With blessings from above ;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

SEASONS.

243.

Morning.

- 1 **A** WAKE my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Glory to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept ;
Grant Lord ! when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.
- 3 Lord ! I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

244.

Morning.

- 1 SAFELY thro' night's gloomy terrors
 Brought to view another day,
 Sun of Righteousness! from errors
 Guide, O guide me, or I stray.
- 2 Daily on thy grace depending,
 Daily, Lord, to Thee I cry;
 Bread of life, from heav'n descending,
 Feed, O feed me, or I die.
- 3 Here on ev'ry side surrounded,
 Wars without and fears within,
 Left alone I fall confounded,
 Guard, O guard me, Lord, from sin.
- 4 While I tread this vale of sorrow,
 Since thy blessed self hast taught,
 "Be not careful for to-morrow,"
 Still, O still each anxious thought.
- 5 Thus for present duty fitted,
 Pour the grace Thou canst convey;
 All to Thee I have committed;
 Keep, O keep it to that day.

245.

Evening.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
 G For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
 Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.
- 4 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care ;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.
- 5 For death is life, and labour rest—
If with thy gracious presence blest ;
Then welcome sleep, or death, to me,
I'm still secure, for still with Thee.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

246.

Evening.

GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;—
Who for toil the day hast given
For rest—the night ;—
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams, and hopes attend us
'This livelong night.

247.

Evening.

- 1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise ;

SEASONS.

Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.

- 2 Awake our love, awake our joy,
Awake our heart and tongue;
Sleep not, when mercies loudly call;—
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies still
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of our life, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all thy gifts,
When time shall be no more.

248.

Evening.

- 1 **T**HROUGH the day thy love has spar'd us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our guardian be:
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes:
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thy love may we repose.
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

249.

The Queen's accession.

- 1 GREAT King of kings ! thy blessings shed
 G On our anointed Sov'reign's head ;
 With fav'ring eyes look down from heav'n,
 And guard the crown thyself hast giv'n !
- 2 Lord, with thy mighty arm oppose
 Our monarch's and her people's foes,
 And in abundant streams impart
 Thy grace to sanctify her heart !
- 3 Thou, ever mindful of her want,
 Through all her days thy favour grant ;
 And bid the royal circlet spread
 Its purest splendours round her head !
- 4 And, O, when earthly thrones decay,
 And earthly kingdoms fade away,
 Grant her a throne in worlds on high,
 A crown of immortality !

250.

" Salvation nearer."

- 1 A WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
 A And raise your voices high :
 Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
 That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
 Each moment brings it near ;
 Then welcome each declining day,
 And each revolving year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise,

Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay !
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

251.

Time and Eternity.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW Lord is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine Almighty pow'r,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursu'd ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

252.

New Year.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And night by Thee to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land :
The summer-rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise :
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 O, may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown renew their songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

253.

New Year.

- 1 **T**HE God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year ;

And warns us, each, with awful sound—
No longer stand ye idle here.

- 2 Ye whose young cheeks with health are bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear ;
Why will ye waste the morning light ?
Alas ! why stand ye idle here ?
- 3 And ye whose scanty locks of grey,
Foretell your latest travail near ;
How swiftly fades your closing day !
And stand ye yet so idle here ?
- 4 O ! Thou, in heaven and earth ador'd !
To whom the sinner's soul is dear ;
Now call us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to serve Thee there.

254.

New Year.

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
- 2 Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.
- 3 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;—
- 4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days,
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

- 5 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 'Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view.

YOUTH.

255.

Invitation.

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
 The gift of saving grace,
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heav'nly root ;
 But fairest in the youngest shews,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
 The voice of sov'reign love !
 Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
 But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True you are young, but there's a stone
 Within the youngest breast,
 Or half the crimes which you have done
 Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public pray'r is made,
 Oh ! join the public pray'r !
 For you the secret tear is shed,
 O shed yourselves a tear !
- 6 We pray that you may early prove
 The spirit's power to teach ;
 You cannot be too young to love
 That Jesus whom we preach.

256.

Children praising God.

- 1 **G**LORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live :
Children's pray'rs He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost ;
Be this day a Pentecost ;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that " God is love."

257.

Early Piety.

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away, each grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim ;

We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

- 4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue ;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heav'n is kept in view.

258

" Hosanna to the Son of David."

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus to the Temple came,
The voice of praise was heard,
The very children own'd his claim,
And in his train appear'd.
- 2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed ;
Hosanna to the heav'nly King,
To David's holy seed.
- 3 When some would have rebuk'd their zeal,
Thou, Lord, the thought didst check ;
If they were harden'd, stones would feel ;
If silent, stones would speak.
- 4 Lord, let the days be now renew'd,
When children lisp thy praise ;
Thou art as pow'rful, and as good,
As in the former days.
- 5 Work, Lord, in all our children's hearts,
And this will loose their tongues ;
The love that heav'nly truth imparts
Will animate their songs.

YOUTH.

259.

Youth.

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near ;
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
"Is sure my love to gain ;
"And those that early seek my grace
"Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with Thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

NATIONAL JUDGMENTS.

260.

Time of war.

- 1 **G**REAT God of heav'n and nature ! rise,
And hear our loud united cries :
See Britain bow before thy face
Thro' all her coasts, and seek thy grace.

- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust,
Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships our boast ;
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.
- 3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On ev'ry shore, on ev'ry town ;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay thy lifted thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge our land from all its crimes ;
Reform'd, and deck'd with grace divine,
Let princes, priests, and people shine.
- 5 O may no God-provoking sin
Through all our camps and navies reign
No foul reproach to drive from thence
Our surest glory and defence.

261.

Public humiliation.

- 1 **L**ORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united pray'r,
For this our sinful land.
- 2 Oft have we each in private pray'd
Our country might find grace :
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place.
- 3 Great God of Hosts ! deliv'rance bring,
Guide those that hold the helm ;
Support the state : preserve the Queen :
And spare the guilty realm.

NATIONAL JUDGMENTS.

- 4 Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel thy rod ;
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.
- 5 Whatever be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy Son ;
Give us his gospel, and his grace,
And then, " Thy will be done."

262.

Pestilence.

- 1 **O**UT of the vale of tears and death,
Lord ! hear our doleful cry,
Ere, by the blasting of the breath
Of thy just wrath, we die.
- 2 The Pestilence, at thy command,
Now takes its awful way ;
And walks in darkness thro' the land,
And doth its thousands slay.
- 3 O spare us, Lord ! ere we go hence ;
One little moment spare ;
That some meet fruits of penitence
Our barren hearts may bear.
- 4 But if this day the summons brings,
That calls us to the grave,
Rise, rise with healing on thy wings,
Omnipotent to save !
- 5 O let the blood of Jesus, spilt
When He th' atonement made,
Cancel the great amount of guilt
Whereof we are afraid :

- 6 Knit in one spirit to our Lord,
 Clad in the glorious dress,
 He to his chosen doth afford,
 Of spotless righteousness,
- 7 The sting of death we will not dread,
 Nor the grave's victory;
 But, stretch'd upon our dying bed,
 Still firmly trust in Thee.

263.

Public humiliation.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious Lord, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
 Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
 Thy dreadful pow'r display;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God! and why is Britain spar'd,
 Ungrateful as we are?
 O make thy awful warnings heard,
 While mercy cries, 'Forbear!'
- 4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By thy resistless grace;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Then, should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear;
 Secure of never failing aid,
 When God, our God, is near.

NATIONAL JUDGMENTS.

264.

Famine.

- 1 **S**HOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign ;
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield ;
Nor autumn swell the foodful grain ;—
- 2 Amid the dark the dreadful scene,
If I can say the Lord is mine,
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn tho' life decline.
- 3 The God of my salvation lives ;
My nobler life He will sustain ;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.
- 4 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
'Though ev'ry earthly comfort die ;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

PASTORS.

265.

The Pastor's responsibility.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th'alarm they give ;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego ;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there ;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear ?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

266.

Their removal by death.

- 1 **N**OW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry ;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade !
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue :
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

PASTORS.

- 5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
 " My church shall safe abide ;
 " For I will ne'er forsake my own
 " Whose souls in Me confide."
- 6 Through ev'ry scene of life and death
 This promise is our trust :
And this shall be our children's song
 When we are cold in dust.

267.

Ember week.

- 1 **P**OUR down thy Spirit from on high,
 Lord, thine appointed servants bless ;
Thy promis'd pow'r to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness, and meekness from above ;
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.
- 3 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep :
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Protect thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 4 And when their work is finish'd here,
Let them in hope their charge resign ;
Before the throne with joy appear,
And there with endless glory shine.

268.

The Pastor's welcome.

- 1 **W**E bid thee welcome in the name
 Of Jesus our exalted Head,

PASTORS.

- Come as a servant : so He came ;
And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a shepherd : guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin ;
Nourish the lambs and feed the sheep ;
The wounded heal ; the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a watchman : take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky ;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an angel : hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way :
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.
- 5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charg'd his whole counsel to declare :
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with pray'r.
- 6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Fill'd with the Spirit, fir'd with love :
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

BAPTISM.

269.

See that these infants be taught.

- 1 **B**EFORE thy feet we bend,
O God of pow'r and grace !
And to thy blessing now commend
Our dear and infant race.

BAPTISM.

- 2 O let thy smiles approve
This ordinance divine ;
And send thy Spirit from above
To make our children thine.
- 3 O what a boundless joy,
Their happiness to see !
Our stedfast efforts we'll employ
To train them up for Thee.

270.

Holy Spirit invoked.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou !
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.
- 2 Pour forth thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood :
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God !

271.

Seal of the covenant.

- 1 FATHER, whose love and truth fulfil
Thy covenant in Abraham's seed ;
Confirm in us the sacred seal,
And make our children thine indeed.
- 2 Jesus, through thine appointed rite,
The promis'd grace we humbly claim :
Children were lovely in thy sight,
And, Lord, thy love is still the same.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! Holy Dove !
Who once on God's beloved Son

Wast seen descending from above,
 Their new and heav'nly birthright own.

- 4 Thrice holy Lord, whose name we bear,
 Confirm our faith ; renew our love ;
 O let thy grace our hearts prepare
 For glory in the world above !

272.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

- 1 **H**EAV'NLY Father, may thy love
 Beam upon us from above :
 Let this infant find a place
 In thy covenant of grace.
- 2 Son of God, be with us here ;
 Listen to our humble pray'r ;
 Let thy blood, on Calv'ry spilt,
 Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.
- 3 Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry ;
 Thou this infant sanctify ;
 Thine Almighty pow'r display ;
 Seal him to redemption's day.
- 4 Great Jehovah, Father, Son,
 Holy Spirit ! Three in One !
 Let the blessing come from Thee ;
 Thine let all the glory be.

273.

Little children brought.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we lift our souls to Thee ;
 Thy Holy Spirit breathe,
 And let these little infants be
 Baptiz'd into thy death.

- 2 O let thy Spirit on them rest,
Thy grace their souls renew ;
And write within each tender breast
Thy name and nature too.
- 3 If Thou shouldst quickly end their days
Their place with Thee prepare ;
Or if Thou lengthen out their race,
Continue still thy care.
- 4 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove,
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

274.

Christ's regard to little children.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 " Permit them to approach," He cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name ;
" For 'twas to bless such souls as these
" The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee,
Joyful, that we ourselves are thine ;
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
Ye children, seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

275.

To Abraham and his seed.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
 "I'll be a God to thee ;
 "I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
 " Shall be a seed to me."
- 2 Abraham believ'd the promis'd grace ;
 And gave his son to God ;
 But water seals the blessing now
 That once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
 When she receiv'd the word ;
 Then the believing jailer gave
 His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, Eternal King !
 Thine ancient truths embrace ;
 To Thee their infant offspring bring,
 And humbly claim the grace.

JEWS.

276.

" Their debtors they are."

- 1 **A**DOPTEd sons of God, repay
 The debt of love you owe !
 From Israel shone salvation's ray,
 On realms of sin and woe.
- 2 Jehovah's cov'nant first was seal'd
 To patriarchs of old,
 To Jewish prophets was reveal'd
 The Saviour they foretold.

- 3 'Twas Abraham's seed who shed his blood
Our pardon to ensure,
And now, exalted, pleads with God
Our blessings to procure.
- 4 Our Saviour's kinsmen let us love,
And point them to the way
That leads to purest joys above,
To realms of perfect day.
- 5 Blest Jesus ! let thy favour shine
On Judah's scattered race,
That they, ere long, with us may join
To sing redeeming grace.

277.

The root and offspring of David.

- 1 **A**LL hail, mysterious King !
Hail, David's ancient root !
The righteous branch which thence did spring
To give the nations fruit.
- 2 At length let Israel rest
Beneath thy grateful shade ;
Their thirsting lips salvation taste,
Their fainting hearts be glad.
- 3 Fair Morning Star, arise,
With living glories bright,
And pour on their awak'ning eyes
A flood of sacred light.
- 4 O let the gloom subside,
Pierc'd by thy beauteous ray ;
Shine, and their wand'ring footsteps guide
To everlasting day.

278.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

- 1 **A**RISE, great God, and let thy grace
Its beams effuse on Jacob's race ;
Restore the long-lost, scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their mis'ry let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;
Check, in mid-course, thy dreadful ire,
And bid its kindled flames expire !
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love ?
Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn ?
And wilt Thou ne'er appeas'd return ?
- 4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in Thee
Their bliss and full salvation see !

279.

" What shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead ?"

- 1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear,
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed,
They claim the sympathetic pray'r
From us adopted in their stead,
Who mercy, through their fall obtain,
And Christ, by their rejection, gain.
- 2 Outcast from Thee, and scatter'd wide
'Through every nation under heav'n,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n ;
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd by men, and curs'd by God.

- 3 But hast Thou finally forsook ?
 For ever cast thine own away !
 Wilt Thou not bid the murd'ers look
 On Him they pierc'd, and weep and pray ?
 Yes ! gracious Lord, thy word is past,
 " All Israel shall be sav'd at last."
- 4 Come then, Thou great Deliv'rer, come,
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove ;
 Bring all thy ancient people home,
 And crown them with eternal love :
 The world shall their reception view,
 And shout to God the glory due.

280.

Zion.

- 1 **L**ET Zion from the dust arise,
 And in her brightest beauty shine ;
 Jesus, descending from the skies,
 Shall fill his church with joys divine.
- 2 In gloomy darkness long she lay,
 Depress'd with cares and griefs unknown ;
 But now, behold ! a glorious day
 Of gospel light begins to dawn.
- 3 Put off, ye saints, your mourning dress,
 And hail the long-expected morn ;
 Let robes of joy and righteousness
 The happy spouse of Christ adorn.
- 4 On you his glory shall be seen ;
 Your love, your zeal, your pious care
 Shall witness, to the sons of men,
 That God, with all his grace, is here.

- 5 Sinners shall flock to Zion's gate,
 And know the gospel's joyful sound :
 Peace shall confirm your happy state,
 And truth and holiness abound.

281.

"For thy shame thou shalt have double."

- 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo ! the sacred herald stands ;
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands ;
 Mourning captive !
 God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
 Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
 Cease thy mourning ;
 Zion still is well-belov'd.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
 He himself appears thy friend ;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasts and triumphs end :
 Great deliv'rance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favour blest ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest !

282.

"Grafted in again."

- 1 **O** WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disown'd of heav'n, by man oppress,
Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground ?
- 2 O God of Jacob ! view their race ;
Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring ;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail, in Christ, their promis'd king.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;
The sever'd olive-branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move ;
The Saviour he denied to own,
The Lord he crucified to love.
- 5 Haste, Lord, the day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God, with grateful praise, adore.

283.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 **O** ZION, when I think on thee,
I wish for pinions like a dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.
- 2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh ;

'Thither the ransom'd nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.

3 While here, I walk on hostile ground;
The few that I can call my friends
Are, like myself, whith fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

4 But yet we shall behold the day,
When Zion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

5 The hope that such a day will come
Makes ev'n the captive's portion sweet;
Tho' now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

284.

Zion.

1 **Z**ION, awake ! put on thy strength,
Resume thy beautiful array;
The promis'd Saviour comes at length,
To chase thy guilt and grief away ;
Thee for his purchase God shall own,
And save thee by his dying Son.

2 Shake off the dust, arise with speed,
Too long hast thou a captive been ;
Redemption's near, lift up thy head,
And cast away the chains of sin ;
Forth from thy prison come, and shake
The yoke of bondage from thy neck.

3 Ye desert places, sing for joy ;
Lost men, your hymns of wonder raise ;

JEWS.

Let holy shouts invade the sky,
And ev'ry altar flame with praise !
For I, Almighty to redeem,
Have comforted Jerusalem.

MISSIONARY.

285.

Parting.

- 1 **A**ND let our bodies part,
To diff'rent climes repair,
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 Jesus, the Corner Stone
Did first our hearts unite;
And still He keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with Him in white.
- 3 O let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below ;
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.
- 4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end !
- 5 O happy, happy place,
Where men and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
- 6 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

286.

"Send out thy light and truth."

- 1 **B**RIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his controul :
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
Then sin, and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at its brightness, flee away :
The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law,
And Antichrist, on ev'ry shore,
Fall from his throne to rise no more.
- 4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,
In pure devotion at thy feet ;
And earth shall yield Thee, as thy due,
Her fulness, and her glory too.
- 5 O that from Britain now might shine
This heav'nly light, this truth divine !
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for Thee.

287.

The Jubilee.

- 1 **C**APTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high :
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a num'rous army nigh.
- 2 A solemn jubilee proclaim ;
Proclaim the great Sabbatic day ;

Assert the glories of thy name ;
 Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.

- 3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
 The peaceful blessings of thy reign,
 And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
 The myst'ry to the heart explain.
- 4 Fight for thyself, O Saviour, fight,
 The travail of thy soul regain ;
 Before the blind make darkness light,
 And crooked paths do Thou make plain.

288.

"Come over and help us."

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone !
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation ! O Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name !

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole !
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !

289.

Prayer for the Missionaries.

- 1 **M**ARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
 This promise meets our anxious eyes :
 That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
 And warm with faith each bosom glow.
- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear ;
 E'en now unfolds the promis'd year ;
 Lo ! distant shores thy heralds trace,
 And bear the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 Midst burning climes, and frozen plains,
 Where heathen darkness brooding reigns,
 Lord, guide their steps, their fears subdue,
 And nerve their arm, and clear their view.
- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
 Bid them the glorious future hail :
 Bid them the crown of life survey,
 And onward urge their conqu'ring way.

290.

"Go ye into all the world."

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze :
All the promises do travail
With a day of truth and grace :
Glorious morning,
Dawn, and shine on all our race !
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Loud resound from sea to sea.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light ;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the fight.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel
Win and conquer, never cease :
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase :
Take the kingdom,
Lord of glory ! Prince of peace !

291.

Grace to accompany the word.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word !
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard !
- 3 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
The spacious earth her God to meet !
Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone shall learn to beat !
- 4 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry kindred call him Lord !

292.

Propagation of the gospel.

- 1 **S**HOUT for the great Redeemer reigns :
Through distant lands his triumphs spread ;
And sinners, freed from Satan's chains,
Own Him their Saviour and their Head.
- 2 God's sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gates arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin before
By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 O may his conquests still increase,
And ev'ry foe his pow'r subdue !
While angels celebrate his praise
And saints his growing glories shew.
- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb
From all below and all above,
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

293.

"Tell it out among the people."

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;
 His new-discover'd grace demands
 A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
 God's own Almighty Son ;
 His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let an unusual joy surprise
 The islands of the sea :
 Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
 Prepare the Lord his way.
- 4 Behold ! He comes. He comes to bless
 The nations, as their God ;
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

294.

Propagation of the gospel.

- 1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
 In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise,
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
 So when thy truth began its race
 It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
- 3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
 Till through the world thy truth has run ;

Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

- 4 Great Sun of righteousness, arise
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

DISMISSION

295.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS ! brethren ! ere we part,
Join ev'ry voice, and ev'ry heart,
One solemn hymn to God we raise ;
One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians ! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there releas'd from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 Now to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done ;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Ye nations, join the loud Amen

296.

Trust in God.

- 1 **L**IFE nor death shall us dissever,
From his love who reigns for ever ;
Will He fail us ? Never ! never !
While to Him we cry.
- 2 No, his might shall still defend us,
And his blessed Son befriend us,
And his Holy Spirit send us
Comfort, ere we die.

297.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace,
 O refresh us,
 In this dry and barren place.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound :
 May the fruits of thy salvation.
 In our hearts and lives abound !
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found.
- 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heav'n,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever,
 Reign with Christ in endless day !

298.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above !
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

299.

OF thy love some gracious token,
 Grant us, Lord, before we go ;

DISMISSION.

Bless the word which has been spoken ;
Life and peace, on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain :
O direct us,
And protect us !
Till we gain the heav'nly shore,
Where thy people want no more.

300.

- 1 **P**RAISE we Him, by whose kind favour
Heav'nly truth has reach'd our ears ;
May its sweet reviving savour,
Fill our hearts, and quell our fears !
Truth—how sacred is the treasure !
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know !
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.
- 2 What of truth we've now been hearing,
Lord, to ev'ry heart apply ;
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's joy !
"Till Thou take us hence for ever,
Saviour, guide us with thine eye ;
This our aim, (O leave us never !)
Thine to live, and thine to die.

PARAPHRASES.

301.

Psaln 2.

- 1 **W**HAT though the people rage,
And kings, with counsels vain,

- Against the Omnipotent engage,
And spurn Messiah's reign ;
- 2 Th' anointed Son shall still
As monarch be enthron'd,
With regal pomp, on Zion's hill;
Zion long lov'd and own'd.
- 3 All empires shall be claim'd,
As his, from sea to sea ;
For Him this beauteous world was framed,
And his the world shall be.
- 4 Those who resist his sway,
His anger shall devour ;
And broken like the potter's clay,
Shall be their pride and pow'r.
- 5 Kings ! Rulers ! Men ! be wise ;
The day of grace is now ;—
Ere yet his kindling wrath arise
Low at his footstool bow.

302.

Psalms 3.

- 1 **O** GOD ! how constant is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry morning new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great guardian of our sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our slumb'ring pow'rs.
- 3 Thine arm sustain'd us while we slept,
Else had our eyelids clos'd in death ;
Our life in safety still is kept,
And still we draw our wonted breath.

- 4 That life we yield to thy command ;
 To 'Thee we consecrate our days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

303.

Psalm 18.

- 1 **H**E came, the King of Kings !
 He bow'd the sable sky ;
 And on the tempest's wings,
 Walk'd down serene from high ;
 The earth beneath his footsteps shook,
 The mountains quak'd at his rebuke.
- 2 Above the storm He stood,
 And aw'd it to repose —
 He drew us from the flood,
 And scatter'd all our foes ;
 He set us in a spacious place,
 And there upholds us by his grace.
- 3 Whom should we love like Thee,
 Our God, our guide, our king ?
 The tow'r to which we flee,
 The rock to which we cling.
 Oh, for a thousand tongues to shew
 The mercies which to Thee we owe.

304.

Psalm 19.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.

'The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though nor real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine !"

305.

Psalm 23.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

306.

Psalm 39.

- 1 **O** Let me, heav'nly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end !
What are my days ? A span their line—
And what my age compar'd with thine ?
- 2 Our life advancing to a close
While yet its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.
- 3 O how thy chastisements impair,
The human form, however fair !
How frail the strongest frame we see,
If Thou its mortal doom decree !
- 4 God of our fathers ! here as they
We walk, the pilgrims of a day ;
As transient guests, thy works admire,
And instant to our home retire.
- 5 Spare me a little while, O spare !
And nature's failing strength repair ;
Ere life's short circuit wander'd o'er
I perish and am seen no more.

- 1 **W**ITH hearts in love abounding
 Prepare we now to sing
 A lofty theme, resounding
 Thy praise, Almighty King !
 Whose love, rich gifts bestowing
 Redeem'd the human race ;
 Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
 Breathe words of truth and grace.
- 2 In majesty transcendent
 Gird on thy conqu'ring sword ;
 In righteousness resplendent,
 Ride on, Incarnate word !
 Ride on, O King Messiah,
 To glory and renown ;
 Pierc'd by thy darts of fire
 Be ev'ry foe o'erthrown.
- 3 So reign, O God, in heaven
 Eternally the same,
 And endless praise be given
 To thy Almighty name.
 Cloth'd in thy dazzling brightness
 Thy Church on earth behold,
 In robe of purest whiteness,
 In raiment wrought with gold.
- 4 And let each gentile nation,
 Come gladly in her train,
 To share thy great salvation,
 And join her grateful strain.
 Then ne'er shall note of sadness,
 Awake the trembling string,
 One song of joy and gladness,
 The ransom'd world shall sing.

308.

Psalm 62.

- 1 **W**HEN dangers press, and fears invade,
O let us not rely
On man, who, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light as vanity.
- 2 Riches have wings, and fly away ;
Health's blooming cheek grows pale
Vigour and strength must soon decay,
And worldly wisdom fail :
- 3 But God, our God, is still the same
As at that solemn hour,
When thunders spake his awful name,
His majesty and pow'r.
- 2 And still sweet mercy's voice is heard,
Proclaiming from above,
That good and gracious is the Lord,
And all his works are love.

309.

Psalm 67.

- 1 **O**N thy church, O Pow'r Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine ;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star ;
Till her sons, from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.
- 2 Then shall God, with bounteous hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land ;
Earth shall yield her rich increase ;
Ev'ry breeze shall whisper peace ;
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

310.

Psalm 72.

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send his Spirit down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 3 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

311.

Psalm 84.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant, and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still, and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

312.

Psalm 122.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own ;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair,
Where willing vot'ries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent pray'r,
And pour the choral song.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! deign to dwell
Within thy church below !
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found,
And let her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

II.

By angels in heav'n
of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
all praise be address'd
To God in three persons,
one God ever blest;
As it has been, now is,
and always shall be.

III.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And [suffring] saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time [itself] shall be no more.

IV.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

V.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below,
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

VI.

WORSHIP, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
 God is worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for man to give.
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
 Help your God and ours to praise.

VII.

IMMORTAL honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name ;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete ! to Thee.

VIII.

WHEN sun and moon forsake their course,
 And seasons cease to be,
 Thee, Father ! must we always love,
 And, Saviour ! honour Thee.
 And Thee, the guiding Spirit, bless
 'Till life's last sands have run ;
 And praise, in nature's latest hour,
 Th' eternal Three in One.

DOXOLOGIES.

IX.

By all the heav'nly host,
Before all worlds ador'd,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :
All creatures, praise the Lord.

X.

THEE, Father ! Thee we praise,
Co-equal Lord, the Son !
Thee, Holy Ghost ! through endless days,
We worship, Three in One.

XI.

GOD be prais'd : to God be glory :
(Thus th' angelic numbers ran)
Glory in the highest heavens :
Peace on earth, good will to man.
Swell the chorus
Now, as when the world began.

XII.

LORD God of hosts ! in substance One,
The Holy, Holy, Holy Three !
When heav'n and earth their course have run
Thine, Lord Most High ! shall glory be.

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" Rev. Lottent "

2 Cor III

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